No. 6034

PUNCH, APRIL 25 1956

VOL. CCXXX

PUNCH





## ILFORD COLOUR FILM



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# for I faces and places

## True-to-life colour snaps and colour prints, too!

Faces and Places take on a new magic when you capture them on Ilford Colour Film with a 35 mm. camera. It's just as easy to take good photographs in colour as in black-and-white... and of course the results are so much more true to life.

Each cassette of Ilford Colour Film gives you

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### It's a carefree life for the hostess with an AGA

For getting the best of both worlds—the Aga's best! Houseproud—or lady-of-leisure? You can be both when you're an Aga owner. Imagine a beautiful-looking, clean, compact Aga in your kitchen, to do all your cooking and water-heating, to air the clothes and keep the kitchen cosy—all for less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons of fuel a year.

#### The Aga cooks and heats the water too

Two large hotplates—one for boiling, one for simmering; two large ovens—one for roasting, one for simmering gently, all through the night if you want it to! The Aga has all these ready for you always, at just the temperature you want for any and every sort of cooking. And gallons of hot water too. All you need for washing, washing-up, household chores and three steaming hot baths a day.

#### One small fire

. . . to do both jobs—with scarcely any attention. The Aga has perfect, automatic thermostat control. You simply set the thermostat when you first get the Aga—then you forget about 'controlling' the heat altogether. The thermostat looks

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#### Doesn't burn money

You will never have to buy more than 3½ tons of fuel a year! The Aga cannot (guaranteed!) burn more than that amount. You can pay for the Aga as part of your house mortgage repayments or there is 4 years' Hire Purchase. This superb cooker has a 10-year guarantee. It lasts a lifetime.

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... need not be big. The Aga is so compact. You will probably find that the Aga takes up less width than your old cooker and separate boiler, although it may be a few inches deeper.

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Please send me all the free literature you have about the Aga

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by 'finger-tip control'

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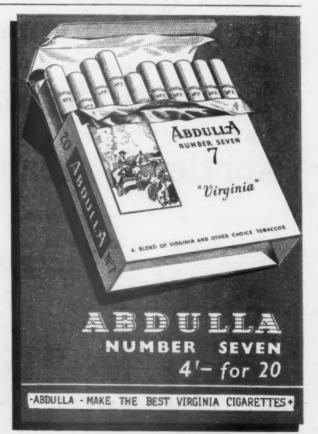


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GAS-to be sure

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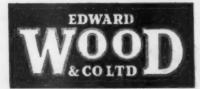
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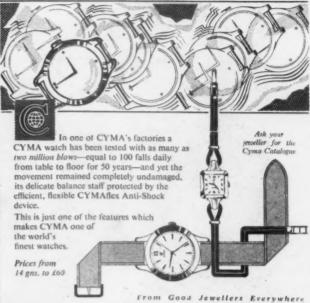


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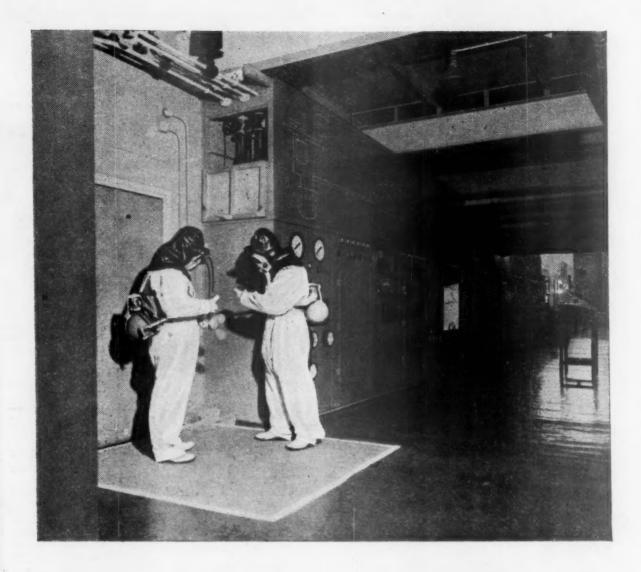


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personal comfort and well-being, pro-viding it remains effective under widely varying circumstances and weather conditions. Vent-Axia is successful ventilation in its simplest form - with

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VENTILATION is a constant safeguard to ensures that the most economical use can be made of all available accommodation.

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Made in four sizes with variable control • Electrically driven, quiet, efficient
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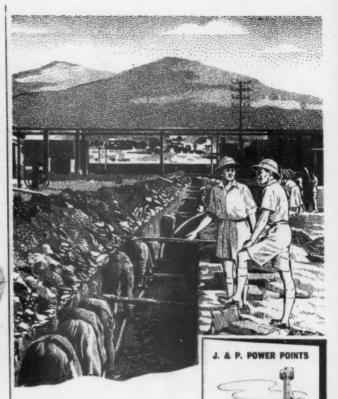
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"J & P.? You mean Johnson & Phillips?"

'The same. One way and another, you know, they're responsible for most of the electrical transmission in this part of the world.'

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> to the power station. That was a neat piece of engineering if you like.'

> > Seems J. & P. know their job.'

'We've always found them a most reliable crowd.

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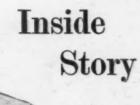
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To Schofields of Leeds, mailing monthly statements promptly to customers became a pressing problem in their constantly expanding business—moreover, filing space for sales dockets took up large areas of valuable shelving.

They called in Mr. Tipping, of Burroughs, who, together with Mr. Ambler, Director and Secretary of Schofields, worked out a comprehensive plan based on Burroughs equipment, including Microfilm.

Now Schofields' statements go out proven, accurate and complete on exactly the right day throughout the month in a regular cycle.

The new statement is as modern as the equipment—instead of an abbreviated extract of debits and credits, the customer now gets the complete story of each transaction, together with a summary giving all charges and credits, whilst Schofields have more accurate information on their accounting position, a considerable

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Whatever your business, if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you. Backed by Burroughs' world-wide experience, he will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical, workable solution. If he thinks no change advisable, he will frankly say so; but if he does recommend a change, he will make a detailed plan and help you get it working smoothly and efficiently. Call in the Burroughs man—you're committed to nothing. His advice is free.

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### Plenty of room in the boot!

The Rapier takes all the family luggage with ease! Inside the car there's spacious seating for four adults and generous facia-locker and shelf space for last minute odds-and-ends.

STYLE · SPACE · ECONOMY · SPEED WITH SAFETY

Lovely to look at - sleek lines, exquisite styling, sports car facia and luxury throughout. Delightful to drive, a brilliant 1.4 litre engine with overdrive on third and top gears to give you speeds up to 90 m.p.h. Road-hugging suspension, extra large brakes and remarkable visibility to give you maximum safety. That's the Sunbeam Rapier, newest addition to a long line of Rally Champions.



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1.695 (P.T. £348.17.0) White-wall tyres and overriders available as extras.

A ROOTES PRODUCT

New ... from bonnet to boot!



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• RUGS 6 SIZES

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A Churchman's No. 1 is a fine cigarette—one of the

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Such quality demands care — hence the new 'pocket-proof' pack. No smoker wants his cigarettes crushed in his pocket. The reinforced pack — simple, strong, easy-to-open — completely protects the contents. Churchman's No. 1, in the new pack, remain firm, round, fresh — perfection perfectly preserved — for you.

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THE BIGGER CIGARETTE
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Researches are constantly going on to

Researches are constantly going on to keep ahead in this and similar fields of progress, such as petroleum technology and the new problems of nuclear engineering.

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## Country seat with Daksman . . .

You commute? You week-end? You shoot, point-to-point, walk, relax? Hooray. You cannot in a neat pinstripe. Well, then. Your answer.

A Daks two-piece country suit is casual, is international, is Daks, which means planned for you. The trousers are Daks, therefore self-supporting, slimming, with balance, with stride-room, elegant even when old.

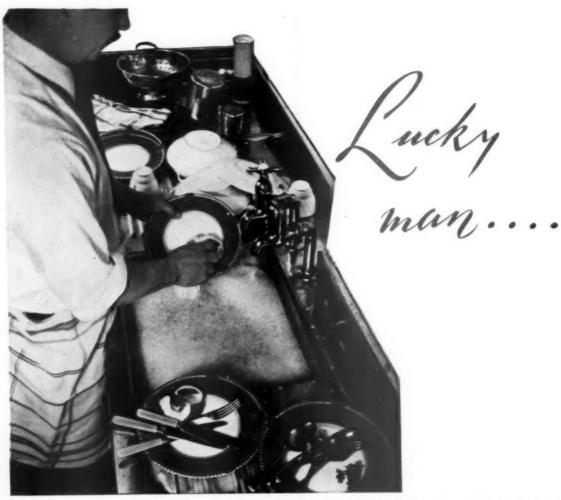
The jacket, amply pocketed, partners them. The effect? You shall judge

Choose tweeds, worsteds... Choose heathers, blue-greens, faint overchecks... You will be right—for this season, for this climate, for this country, for America, Scotland, South Africa, Italy, everywhere.

Daks—right round the world...

Daks—right round to





... as he has to do the washing up, that there is a Stainless Steel sink to do it in. It makes the job so much easier. The men who use Stainless steels in many industries, know they are right for the job, and the ladies (who also know a thing or two) realise that Stainless steels can be used for many articles in their homes, which not only add to the charm, but mean less work. No polishing is needed, just washing in warm soapy water. "Staybrite" stainless steel is still the ideal metal for the modern kitchen as it was twenty years ago. When you next go shopping, take a long look at the wide variety of sinks, and the many other delightful things that are available.



If you are unable to obtain just what you want, let us know and we will send a list of addresses that may help you.

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Plus
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This magnificent four wave-band radiogram not only gives genuine high fidelity reproduction from records, but permits interference-free reception of highest quality from BBC's newly available VHF/FM transmissions.

NO DETECTABLE DISTORTION. 9 valves, bass and treble speakers, negative feedback amplifier giving 6 watts output with no detectable distortion. 3-speed autochanger. Distinguished, cabinet with pneumatic lidstay and spacious record compartment.

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Engaged in the constant quest for integrity, beauty and perfection in the production of fine ceramics, the craftsman imbibes these qualities into his being until, with the passing years, they have become an inherent part of his nature. It then follows that the product of his hands, whether purely decorative or for domestic or industrial use, reflects those characteristics and bears throughout its life the stamp of true craftsmanship.

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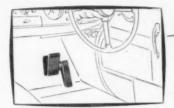
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## a more restful and effortless form of driving than you have ever known...



The Automatic Transmission model of the Mark VII Jaguar Saloon, which has for over two years been acknowledged abroad as providing the smoothest and safest 2-pedal driving in the world, is now available in Britain. It brings an entirely new conception of motoring pleasure that must be experienced

to be believed. Without clutch or gearshift, it gives—
at the touch of accelerator or brake — complete command of all the silken power

and supreme flexibility of the famous XK engine. It provides completely relaxed driving comfort and effortless control in every situation, banishing fatigue from long journeys or the 'stopand-go' conditions of crowded town traffic.

No other car can offer such grace, space and pace or such restful enjoy-

ment. Your Jaguar dealer will be happy to arrange a demonstration for you.





OME disappointment was felt that last Friday's Mansion House ceremony contained no tableau depicting the posthumous rehabilitation of Wat Tyler.

Who's Cooking?

BIGGER and better labour-saving devices are announced daily. A brand-new stove addresses itself to brochure-reading housewives in the following terms: "Now for the first time—an electric cooker with an oven large enough for YOU!"

#### Let's all Join the Air Force

Among other aspects of the Army reorganization under General Sir Richard Hull, says a War Office announcement, will be an examination



of "the extent to which use can be made of civilians." This is of course in line with the push-button plans of any potential enemy.

#### Nothing to do with Ben-Gurion

INTENSIVE archaeological explorations are imminent in the Abou Simbal area, says a UNESCO announcement, "including photographic recordings of the monuments, and the evidence they offer of the art and civilization of ancient Egypt, before it is too late." However, it appears from closer reading that the threat of extinction comes merely from the proposed Aswan dam.

#### Lesser Flea

Mr. RICHARD DIMBLEBY'S delicacy of feeling was seen to particular advantage

last week with his decision, reported in the Daily Mail, not to take his new Rolls-Royce to Monte Carlo in case it should be mistaken for Prince Rainier's. Viewers of yet another commentary by Mr. Dimbleby on the performance of royal personages were of course unaware how near they had come to the fulfilment of a long-standing expectation—a commentary by royal personages on the performance of Mr. Dimbleby.

#### No Red Sails in the Sunset

Connoisseurs of the naval exercise, and the identifying colours allocated to friend and foe, discerned a touch of commendable tact in the recent Admiralty announcement of mock battles in the Mediterranean, when Allied convoys (BLUE) will be attacked by enemy submarines (ORANGE).

#### **British Grenadiers?**

As a measure of extra security this week Special Branch officers have been provided with lists containing the names, descriptions and in some cases photographs of individuals known to hold extreme anti-Communist views. But surely they should be able, without



assistance, to recognize such people as the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Astor, Lord Vansittart, Sir Winston Churchill and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor?

#### Freedom for Broken Glass

When Mr. Morrison and his British parliamentary delegation appeared at an independence rally in Singapore the audience refused to be introduced, but screamed "Freedom, freedom, freedom," and threw bottles. Though the delegates were not able to decide from this whether Singapore was ready for self-government, it was at least clear that this summed up its idea of it.

#### Trend Extended

DETAILS of the Queen's Birthday Parade are announced in a notice from the War Office, which says that military detachments on duty will be drawn from all five regiments of the Brigade of Guards. A further notice may be issued nearer the date, when it will be known whether arrangements have been concluded for the Mall to be lined during the procession by men of the Red Army.

### New Luddites

Workers displaced by automation, says a spokesman for the Independent



Labour Party, must continue to be paid until other work is found for them. Failing that, no doubt, automation will be displaced by workers.

#### Good-bye Latin, Good-bye French

THE tax-paying public has observed with interest the current work of the British Transport Executive in the advertising field, especially the injunctions to Dad to take Mum and the kids for a rail-borne holiday "in sunny May or June." The kids are also pleased at the idea of schools being closed down to make this possible.

#### Can I Bring My Wives?

CONFIRMATION that summer is on the way comes with news from St. James's

Palace that the Earl Marshal of England is busy sorting applications for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. This year the task is lent a special fascination by the need to see who he can get in rather than keep out.

#### Bouquet

GENEROUS tributes to deserving folk in all walks of life appear from time to time in the Daily Express leader column, the latest being addressed to the Minister of Health for reducing ambulance services and thus "doing something about waste." His measures also open up glittering possibilities for future headlines on the pattern "Dying Centenarian Crawls Forty Miles to Hospital."

#### No Love Lost

An angry sports correspondent suggests that the F.A. should forbid footballers to hug and kiss each other after



a goal has been scored, and adds that "they have much to learn from women's behaviour on the sports field." And, indeed, elsewhere.

#### Church Rampant

ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS, after being acclaimed as new Primate of Greece by Athens crowds shouting "Enosis! Enosis!" addressed "a brotherly embrace" to Archbishop Makarios and pledged his full support to Cypriots. It seems likely that arrangements may be made for the next embrace to be delivered in person.

#### Copy-Cats

A Hollywood star says that she does her best to look like an average American girl. The average American girl, on the other hand...

#### **Epitaph**

FAITHFUL as ever to its masters' will,

Beneath this stone the Cominform lies still.

### LIGHTING-UP TIME AT BLEAK HOUSE



OW, children," said Mrs. Pardiggle, adjusting her spectacles to the end of her nose and taking out her cigarette-case, "you will all take a cigarette and light it. Egbert - Oswald - Francis - Felix -Alfred." She handed round her case and each of the first four children obediently took one and started smoking. "But, Mamma," wailed Alfred, when it came to him, "I don't like cigarettes." "Alfred," said Mrs. Pardiggle severely, "cigarette-smoking is a luxury. Whether you like it or not is immaterial. It is your duty. If you don't smoke, how is your Uncle Harold to get the money to pay the brickmaker his prize in the lottery, and if the brickmaker does not get his prize, how is he going to be able to afford the cigarettes to go on smoking? You know as well as I do that he has had to subscribe all his wages to the Great National Railway Testimonial."

"But, Mamma," said Oswald, "Uncle Harold said that we all had to consume

less."

"Of course your Uncle Harold is quite right," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "But how can we afford to consume less if your Uncle Harold does not get his money out of your smoking more?"

"But," said Oswald, "Uncle Robin said that if we smoked more we should all die of cancer."

"And so you very probably will," said Mrs. Pardiggle. "How else are you going to stop dear Dr. Hill from telling you how to die of tuberculosis?"

"Uncle Harold says that we must export more in order to redress the balance of payment," said Francis.

"And naturally," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "your Uncle Harold is quite right."

"But if we export more," said Francis, "then there will be fewer goods on the home market. So there will be too much money chasing even fewer goods than ever,"

"It's in order to stop that that Uncle Harold has put up the profits tax," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "so as to make sure that any money that you do not subscribe to the Great National Railways Testimonial you'll have to give back to him."

"But I saw the brickmaker," piped up Felix, "only this afternoon, going into a public house. He said that he was not going to declare any profit—not bloody likely, he said."

"Felix!" interrupted Mrs. Pardiggle in horrified tones.

"He said," went on Felix, "that he was going to blue it all in booze before Uncle Harold got hold of it."

"I am afraid that that horrid brickmaker is a very coarse man," said Mrs. Pardiggle, "and by no means properly grateful for the very kind things that your Uncle Harold and I do for him."

All this while Alfred, sucking away at his cigarette, had been growing greener and greener. He could bear it no more. At last, throwing it on the floor and stamping on it, he shouted "I hate cigarettes and I won't go on smoking."

"Then," said Mrs. Pardiggle, rising up in her wrath, "you are a very wicked, ungrateful, unpatriotic little boy, and your Uncle Harold will have to bring in another Budget in the autumn."



C. H.



TAKE A CHANCE ON MACMILLANS!

## M.P. Rallies Squeezees

By R. G. G. PRICE

C URELY Mr. Henry Price's Middle Class movement is approaching its problem rather narrowly. It seems to be treating the Middle Class as a tax-group, like Millionaires or Aged Employers of Housekeepers, instead of as the exponents of a Way of Life. Up to a few years ago "Middle Class" was a term of reproach. Seen upwards, the Middle Class not only ground the faces of the poor but sang hymns at them while doing so. Seen downwards, they were always trying to jump over their counters into hunting families. Now all this is changed. The Middle Class are higher in the social scale but lower in the financial one. However much money a Middle Class family earns, the evening papers will publish terrifying little tables proving that it can never have a holiday or buy new clothes. On

the other hand, it wants to do all kinds of highly educated things like attending music festivals in Austria and using wine in cooking and buying real pictures instead of reproductions. From being Common the Middle Class has suddenly become Cultured. Will Mr. Price's movement take this into account? What about purchase tax on gramophone records? What about the National Gallery's grant?

Mr. Price has said that anyone is Middle Class who thinks he is. In a recent survey well over half the people asked said they were Middle Class. It will be difficult to claim that it is being taxed out of existence when it is obviously growing rapidly. However, difficulties like this are usually dealt with by the research departments of political parties. Just as the recent excitement

over U and non-U speech has shown that many people are hazy about the lower limits of the Upper Class, so there is need for more careful definition of the boundary between the Middle and Working Classes. Mr. Price's research department will have to draw up a list of M. and non-M usages. "Seeing as how" I should class as non-M, "Here's how" as M.

One great advantage of the new organization is that it will start with a good metaphor, and the part played by metaphors in politics is of course fundamental. It has often been laid down that the Middle Class are the backbone of the nation. Soon wise counsel will be steering the backbone into harbour. The backbone will pull through. The backbone will put its shoulder to the wheel. Witty political



commentators will spray out jokes about slipped discs. I call it a new organization because Mr. Price says it is not a new political party. This is a pity. It is time we had a new party. The doubts about what it really is are increased by some of the published suggestions for its name. None of them appeals to me. "The Alliance of St. George" does not stand up to analysis; if the Inland Revenue is the Dragon, who is the Maiden? "The Little Men of Great Britain" is even worse. It sounds as though they sit on toadstools.

What will a Middle Class foreign policy be like? Alliance with the so-called bourgeois States, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland? It does not sound a very exciting foreign policy and I doubt whether it would get much press support. Presumably it would be anti-Communist, though one cannot help sensing the growth of a pretty tough bourgeoisie in Russia. In countries where there is not much of a Middle Class to fill the gap between slave-owning feudatories and peasants, Mr. Price's followers will have to foster one.

The great difficulty the Middlemen will have, if I may label them and thus avoid dragging in Mr. Price the whole time, is lack of opponents. Agreement is fatal to political prospects. Upper Classes will not fight. They want the Middle Class to root for Gracious Living and pay their halfcrowns at the door. The Working Class will be divided between extremists who do not admire the Middle Class and cannot, therefore, be fought politically (the English party system depends on mutual admiration), and Middle Class immigrants who are only Working Class in factory hours. At the moment, the Middlemen seem to feel that the State is enough of an opponent; but the State is almost a Middle Class invention and is run by the Middle Class whatever party is in power. Mr. Price would be well advised to re-insure by choosing an alternative opponent, say the Bishops or the Banks. Parties that have lost their inspiration sometimes fall back on fighting apathy, but this is a most unstimulating opponent. Perhaps what is needed is an agent provocateur at the Treasury. Nothing would get the new movement on the move like an income tax that fell away sharply on each side of two thousand a year.



"Started off on a paper round, then began collecting school dinner money from other kids."

## Macmillan: An Opposition Ode

MACMILLAN is a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw, For he's the sweep promoter who remains within the Law. He's the bafflement of bankers and the credit trade's despair, But the vilest of his vices is—Macmillan isn't fair!

Macmillan, O Macmillan, O there's no one like Macmillan, He's the Tory Party's hero and the Opposition's villain. His attempts to stem inflation leave bicarbonate nowhere, But, alas, it must be stated that *Macmillan isn't fair!* 

He is blatantly unorthodox, he clearly follows Pools
In preference to any of the Economic Schools;
So when plunging on his Premiums has left you far too broke
To find the extra tuppence that is needed for a smoke,
When your neighbours' latest family allowance starts to squall,
Just blame it on Macmillan, the Belial of Whitehall.

E. V. MILNER

## The New Mayhew—



## —The Incumbent who Lacked a Piano



London (and, indeed, in many another wealthy centre of commerce and industry) there must be thousands of citizens whose way of life does not bring them into contact with the clergy of the Established Church. To such as

these, the brief account which I shall give of the life and circumstances of the Vicar of -- may come as a disquieting surprise. My intention in setting down these regrettable details. as with all my published investigations into the plight of those who endure penury and hardship in the midst of plenty, is to draw attention, official and otherwise, to a situation for which we must all, for one reason or another, share the blame. To those who, by entering whole-heartedly into the Christian life, have already been made aware of the wretched existence of a considerable proportion of the clergy, I apologize for any uneasiness of conscience which my revelations may cause.

This worthy man, who somehow contrived to look rather less than his fortyfive years, displayed some surprise at my seeming to be solicitous about his predicament: he was, in fact, of a jovial disposition, and our conversation (over a meal which he insisted on my sharing) was at times so light-hearted that I was obliged more than once to hide the tear which sprang to my eye.

"I entered the Church [he began] in my middle twenties, and have never once regretted it. I was for some years a curate in the parish of ---, in Wiltshire. I have been the incumbent of this London parish for eight years now, and my wife and I (we married while I was still a curate) could not be happier, for there is work enough and to spare. Our eldest son, thanks to a legacy from my dear father, is attending my old public school. No, he intends to become a farmer. Yes, we have two more children, one of ten, and the other, a girl, aged seven.

"Oh, indeed, there is ample space in this old house, as you will see. There are six good large bedrooms, of which five contain at least a bed; and we have high hopes of one day obtaining some kind of floor-covering at least for some of them. Why, no, my wife has no help in the cleaning and general running of the place, except the little I can give. Some of the rooms we do not use at all, for they are bare of furniture and inclined at times to dampness.

"My stipend amounts to a little under six hundred pounds per year: and then we are fortunate to have the vicarage rent-free, and our wants are little. Indeed, yes, the children must be clothed and made as happy as may be. I must confess to some anxiety about their comfort from time to time, and I have wished--[here he paused.] But on the whole I believe we are rather to be envied than otherwise. My vocation is a constant and sustaining joy; my wife and I are devoted and cheerful partners and as to the rest, we can but trust in the mercy and wisdom of God."

He had at one time used a small car for his work, but now preferred a cycle, which he said was healthier. For entertainment he sometimes managed to walk in the country with his family; read a book or two each week; enjoyed a game at table tennis with his younger son; and about three times a year visited the theatre with his wife. They had no savings, for the small amounts which they contrived to set aside were quickly spent on the children's clothing, and such household necessities as they felt compelled to invest in. He had two suits, which he had worn alternately for the past ten years. His wife made all her own clothes, except hats, which she seldom wore except on Sundays. ("I mend our shoes. It is interesting work, but I have little time, and fear I shall never become proficient!") They had one meal every day without fail, in the evening. At other times they took nourishing drinks, or soup, or a sandwich with some tea. For breakfast they had tea with toast, or perhaps half an orange. They could not afford coffee. Once a month they had a roast of beef, which lasted very well. The children usually had three good meals a day, and did not complain.

"We have many good friends in the parish, who lend us books, or periodicals, and often leave presents of games, or scarves, etc., for the children. Yes, I smoke a pipe, although not so frequently as I used to. In truth, I have contemplated giving it up, for I fear two ounces of tobacco a week is a reckless extravagance; but my wife will not hear of it. No, she does not smoke, for she says she does not care to; nor does she crave sweetmeats, or so she says: yet I have sometimes bought her as a treat a packet of chocolate, and found she relished it. Yes, some heavy things we are obliged to send to the laundry; the rest, we manage here. My wife is so active that I sometimes fear for her health, for apart from running the house she takes a full part in the affairs of the parish. I rise each morning at six-thirty, and am confined most evenings here in my office until nine o'clock, lest the business of the parish should get out of hand. Yes, I am allowed to claim income tax relief for such things as telephone, typing necessities, stationery,

"We went away for a holiday nine years ago, to the seaside. It was very pleasant. The children go each year to friends who live on a farm. Yes, we enjoy good health, on the whole. I am at present saving up for some treatment to my teeth which is for some reason not available under the National Health scheme. Yes, I must buy National Health stamps, at eight and fivepence per week. It is, indeed, an excellent scheme, and I am sure that the poor [his own phrase] are most grateful for it.

"I think, if we only had a piano, we could count ourselves the happiest of mortals; for there is such enjoyment to be gained from the making of music that I believe it would be a compensation for our inability to entertain except on a very humble scale. As to money, I confess I sometimes wish I could contribute to charity more freely than I do: apart from that, we manage well enough, I daresay." ALEX ATKINSON

"The reception in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hinstock, was attended by about 40 guests. For the honeymoon at Torquay the bride travelled in a camel." Market Drayton Advertiser

Warmer inside.

## Le Poumon de ma Tante

### By RICHARD GORDON

STUDENTS of foreign phrase-books will be familiar with the usual progress of an average English family across France, starting with the imperious cry at Boulogne of "Porter, here is my luggage!" and ending, crushed under a train of misfortune, with a piteous appeal on the outskirts of Biarritz to send for the stationmaster at once as lightning has struck my sister-in-law's reticule. Fortunately for these travellers their troubles are increased by injuries and illness only of the simplest kind.

In my own French phrase book— Collins' Pocket Interpreter—clinical disaster strikes mostly at other people, the English family being active bystanders. "There has been an accident," one of them declares—obviously the daughter, a sensible organizing girl just out of Roedean. "Go and fetch a policeman," she continues calmly to the ineffective natives arguing excitedly across the body. "Is there a doctor near here? Send for the ambulance. Who is responsible?" This self-possession is the more admirable through the accident occurring on the quay immediately after arrival, which is clear from her next remark as an agitated Frenchman is elbowed at the back of the crowd—"Someone has fallen into the water." Thanks to her, the patient is borne safely to hospital, and she ends the incident by diverting the onlookers with a gruesome calypso:

The ankle, the arm
The back, a bone
The face, the finger
The foot, the head
The knee, the leg
The neck, the nose
The wrist, the shoulder
Bring me some cold (hot) water.

The throw-away technique used by this family in describing their symptoms might baffle older French doctors, and an involuntary National Health Service note appears in the flat demand on entering the surgery "I wish to be X-rayed." But the patients never forget where they are, and finish their treatment with the now archaic phrase "What is your charge, doctor?"

A far less fortunate family are the heroes of Plumon's Medical Conversation Book. They find themselves in really deep trouble with the French medical profession. The first casualty is father, who is obliged to consult a physician-clearly one of those old, insanitary-looking, surly doctors, with a Légion d'Honneur ribbon and a brown ring at the corner of his mouth where he keeps his Gitane. The patient sits alone in the untidy consulting-room, with the bright sunlight outside repelled by thick shutters. The physician enters wordlessly. Slowly taking a sheet of paper from his roll-topped desk he dips his pen in violet ink and begins to write. "What is the state of your health?" he asks in a flat disinterested voice. "Have there been any hereditary diseases in your family? Tuberculosis? Scrofula? Cancer? Gout? Rheumatism? Diabetes? Nervous diseases?" His instant low opinion of the patient is emphasized by his next questions. "What is your mode of life?" he demands searchingly. "Have you suffered from want? Have you had worries? Sorrows? Do you drink spirits? Do you bolt your food? Do you habitually use certain drugs? Opium, morphine, cocaine, ether, chloral?" He looks up merely to nod towards the corner and add coldly "You must use a spittoon."

Mother unhappily falls into the hands of a surgeon. He is a wholly different practitioner-a jaunty, energetic, ex-Army man, with a small moustache and briskly squeaking boots. "When were you wounded?" he shouts as he comes through the door. "Where? What day? What hour? Where is your wound? What was your wound caused by? Rifle bullet? Shrapnel bullet? Shell splinter? Bomb or grenade? Bayonet thrust? Sword thrust? Lance thrust? Fall from a horse? Blow from the butt-end of a rifle?" With disappointment he repeats the answer "Knocked down by a car," though adding, still hopeful of interesting pathology, "Were you caught under a landslip?"

The patient is whisked into the operating theatre, where the surgeon



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"I simply can't abide his more-anti-Colonial-than-thou attitude!"

issues those staccato orders well known in hospital films. "Bistoury, scalpel, knife," he raps to his theatre sister. "Farabeuf's curved bistoury, resection knife, Poirier's chisel, Graef's cataract knife, jar, poultice, cradle, sitz bath." Mother recovers, but unfortunately the daughter has meanwhile got into the Ear, Nose and Throat Department. "Do you breathe with difficulty?" demands the laryngologist solemnly. He is the Professor himself, a fat man with a large beard, surrounded by students. "There is nothing wrong with phonation," he announces to the class.

"Do you swallow your saliva? Do you spit much? Give me a tongue depressor. Open your mouth. Say 'Ah!" "Once more he dazzles the students with his clinical demonstrations. "It is red. It is mobile. It is partly, entirely paralyzed. It is bifid. It is hypertrophied. The uvula is long, hanging. Staphylorrhaphy!" he diagnoses, throwing the tongue depressor into the dish with a triumphant clatter.

The prescriptions for this family might have done more good if the doctors hadn't kindly insisted on remedies which were used in England. They felt that their patients would flourish best on Imperial Drink (*Tisane employée dans les hôpitaux anglais*), Chelsea Pensioner (*Une composition employée contre la goutte*), and Chemical Food (*Voir Parrish's syrup*). But all ended happily. "Au revoir!" called the patients from the hospital steps. "Good-bye," waved the doctors jovially. "Ta-ta."

#### Touch of Home

"More than 1,000 people saw the Russian leaders arrive at Buckingham Palace—just as the hanging of the Guard was taking place."

Bristol Evening News

## **Misleading Cases**

By A. P. H.

DIVISIONAL COURT DIVIDED Regina v. Walton: ex parte Rusk (Before a Divisional Court: Amble J., Plush J., and Merrythought J.)

R. JUSTICE AMBLE said: This strange appeal comes before us from the court of the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, where Mr. Ambrose Rusk was convicted of an offence against the Highways Act. Mr. Rusk, it appears, resides at Number 12 Green Gardens, a modest by-street in that large area of the Metropolis called Kensington. On a night in spring a Constable Boot, making one of the rare patrols which our dwindling police are now able to provide in residential areas, was surprised to see a small tent erected near the pavement, but in the road, outside Number 12. Upon investigation the officer found a young female person, aged seventeen, asleep in the tent upon a light "camp" bed. The young person turned out to be the fourth daughter of Mr. Rusk who accepted full responsibility for the erection of the tent in that place. "My daughter Crocus," he said. been sleeping there for weeks. Didn't you know? She's keen on camping and it keeps the cars away." "But the tent is an obstruction," said the officer.

"What is it obstructing?" Mr. Rusk replied.

Later, Mr. Rusk, who conducted his own case, developed the point in his cross-examination of the chief witness for the Crown:

Q. 346 "The Defendant: Constable Boot, at the relevant time was there an unattended motorcar parked on either side of the tent?
Boot: Yes, sir.

Defendant: Was the street lined, on both sides, with unattended parked cars, mostly showing no lights? Boot: That is so.

Defendant: Did you proceed against the owner of any of these cars for obstruction? Boot: No, sir. There's no order against parking in

that street.

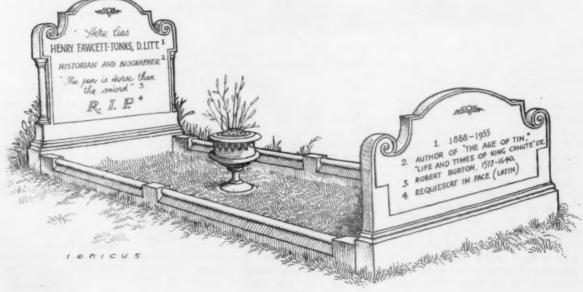
Defendant: Was one of the parked vehicles what is called a caravan?

Boot: Yes, sir, to the best of my knowledge, it was. Defendant: Was anyone sleep-

ing in the caravan? Boot: I did not inquire."

The trend of the appellant's argument, which was richly developed before us by his counsel, Sir Mowbray Spoon, is clear. Green Gardens, which was, till recently, a quiet street, empty at night but for a motor-car or two belonging to residents, is now a recognized and, it seems, authorized depository, an openair garage, as it were, for motor-cars, very few of which are the property of the residents. They belong to citizens who are attending an adjacent cinema, who have come from the country to stay with relatives, to go to the theatre, or a banquet, or who live in the next street, perhaps, but because of the invasion of strangers can find no place for their own motor-cars there. Mr. Rusk has a small car himself, but, he said, can so seldom stable it at his own front-door that, reluctant to trespass on the frontage of a neighbour, he now puts it in the nearest garage, a quarter of a mile away.

Few of the invaders, it seems, are so scrupulous. Some reply to any protest that, for once, they have the law and the police on their side. Others indignantly and even arrogantly proclaim that by reason of the high charges laid by the State upon road licences and motor-fuel they have some sort of notional right or interest in the public highways to whose maintenance they have contributed so much. This, I confess, is new doctrine to the court. It seems rather like saving that the payment of entertainment duty entitles a man to spend the night at the theatre. But we need not argue about that: for however flimsy the claim in law, in fact, with police approval, every owner of such a vehicle is occupying and



enjoying, by a kind of squatter's right, at his own pleasure, an area of land which is part of the public highway. Mr. Rusk says simply that he has an equal right to do the same, so long as he does not obstruct the traffic. Indeed, he says, he has a better right, for not only does he pay the motoring taxes too, but he is a local ratepayer and contributes at the rate of 4/- in the pound each year to "Highways, Bridges, Street"

Improvements, etc."

This argument, at first sight attractive, will not, I think, bear close examination. There are many evident differences between Mr. Smith's motor-car and Mr. Rusk's daughter's tent, One is that Mr. Smith holds a licence to bring his vehicle on to the road, and Mr. Rusk has no licence to erect a tent there. The presence in the tent of an unprotected young woman in sleeping attire suggests to the court only one of the many reasons why such a licence is not likely to be granted. The contention that there was no obstruction in fact cannot prevail. We recognize constructive desertion in marriage where the person charged has not in fact deserted: and so there can be constructive obstruction on the roads. The appeal should be dismissed.

Mr. Justice Plush said: I disagree, with delight. If one man may annex and occupy a portion of the public highway, so may another: and it makes no difference if he employs a motor-car, a tent, a barrow, a perambulator, or a table on wheels. The presence of the young woman, whether asleep or awake, is irrelevant, an element of unworthy prejudice. If Mr. Rusk allowed a male guest to sleep in his car the police would have nothing to say, provided he were not intoxicated or meditating a felony. Many lorry-drivers, it is well known, snatch their rare moments of repose in their vehicles. Many a passenger snores in the motor-coach. There may have been someone sleeping in the caravan. If this sort of thing gives rise to any mischief there are laws "in that case made and provided." We are concerned with a charge of obstruction. I am aware that in the case of a motorcar there may be a conviction without evidence of actual obstruction. But there has been no such decision in the case of a tent: and accordingly, I hold, the appeal should be allowed.

Mr. Justice Merrythought said:



Further outrage at the Tate.

There is, on certain inland waterways, a civilized and charming custom by which the owner of riparian property is deemed to have a right to moor his own boat or vessel at the end of his own garden or estate; and will not there be charged the usual mooring fees. A similar understanding should prevail, and by custom has prevailed in the

past, concerning the road-space immediately adjacent to every citizen's home. Mr. Rusk, it seems to me, has done no more than to make a formal assertion of a customary right, for which a parallel may be found in many actions concerning rights of way. The appeal should be allowed.

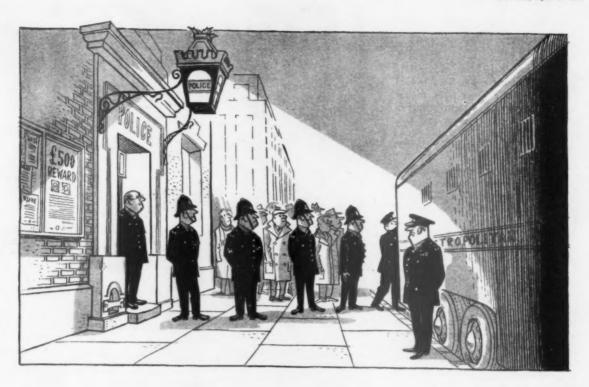
It was.

### Merdeka!

BRITISH and Chinese colonists together made Singapore, So here is a thought for Marshall ere he finally slams the door:

If he doesn't amend his call to end colonialism now,
Four-fifths of his population will have to go home to Mao.

Peter Suffolk







#### HOUSE AND GARDEN SECTION

E take endless pains to ensure that our interiors express our personalities. And how rightly! The sensitive, artistic woman who welcomes her guests against a background of folkweave and limed oak is guilty of a betrayal of self not less heinous than that of the not-so-slim caught under direct lighting in a nest of folding chairs. Careful planning of every room in the house, even the smallest, not merely as a frame for the body but as a shrine for the soul of its occupant, is now an accepted prerequisite of successful interior decoration and furnishing.

How many of us take equal trouble over the design and embellishment of our gardens? With summer in the offing and warm languorous days not far ahead we shall soon be meeting our friends hardly less often out-of-doors than in, strolling with them in the rosegarden, dispensing tea in the vinery, or lounging idly together in Scandinavian hardwood "cradles" against a background of flowering shrubs. Isn't it worth taking a little thought to see that our surroundings at least do not war too disastrously with the essential us?

Pelargoniums Can Be Fatal

Lady X (her real title is quite a bit less run-of-the-mill) used to entertain extensively. Friends flocked in autumn and winter to her lovely Sussex home, where the striped gold-and-cerise wallpaper perfectly set off her ethereal beauty and the wispy draperies she so wisely chose to reflect her gossamer, almost tendril-like personality. But when the warmer weather came her At Homes fell flat. Invitations were declined, excuses made. Even those who came left early. Embittered and friendless, she moved to the Channel Islands and took to wearing tailor-mades. Not until years afterwards did she learn, quite by chance, that her formal pelargonium beds had been responsible for her social ostracism. No sooner did she step out of doors than the contrast between the soft flowing lines of her own personality and the stiff, greenhouse rigidity of *Madame Crousse* (silvery pink), *Galilee* (rose) and *Souvenir de Charles Turner* (carmine) created an effect of unbearable gaucherie. Many guests were hard put to it not to burst out laughing openly. None stayed a moment longer than the bare minimum of politeness demanded.

There is a lesson here. Pelargoniums, geraniums and fleshy-leaved bedding plants generally should be avoided by all but florid women of mature charms. Begonias in particular, though well enough as a setting for prosperous stockbrokers, are fatal to femininity.

#### **Controlled Contrast**

Although a too severe contrast, as in the case of Lady X, must be shunned like the plague, we must be careful not to stumble into the opposite pitfall of excessive uniformity. Nothing looks more ridiculous than a thin, spidery woman telling a fishing story in front of a row of espalier apples. The effect to be aimed at is one of syncopated harmony or, as it has come to be called, "controlled contrast." Teenagers, if not too pale, look well on inflated mattresses with boldly grouped herbaceous Paeonies behind (Veitchii, Witmanniana and Woodwardii are all excellent for this purpose); the woman with classical features can afford to rest for a while beside a tangled pillar of Polygonum baldschuanicum; and so on. But anything that tends to distort or exaggerate our own physical or spiritual make-up must be ruthlessly uprooted and thrown on the compost-heap. Beware especially of topiary.

The Long View

Those who are lucky enough to be planning a new garden from scratch

Is Your Garden You?

H. F. ELLIS

have the inestimable advantage of being able to design it as a whole, as a vehicle for their own individuality. Ask yourself, before deciding on the lay-out of paths, lawns and hedges, "Where do I want to be found?" Informal callers will often come round to the back, after a fruitless "Coo-ee" through the sittingroom windows, and the wise hostess will certainly plan her garden with this contingency in mind. If she has an attractive figure and moves well, she will probably wish to advance to meet her visitors, trug in hand; her garden must be designed accordingly, to command full views of the rear of the house, with a broad central pathway, bordered by flowers of moderate growth, up which she may move with an easy, unaffected gait. Women with sultry, passionate natures smoulder well in hammocks against a background of clipped yew-a point that is often forgotten in the excitement of planning hot-houses, tennis courts, etc., on your new estate.

Fiction writers, oddly, are far more awake to the importance of garden

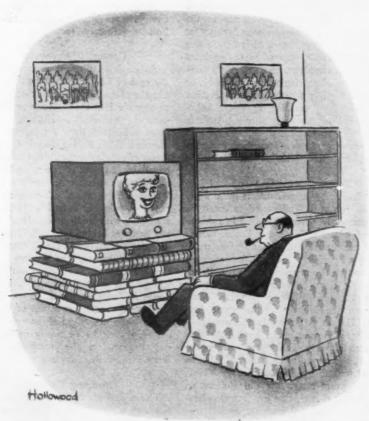
design in a woman's emotional life than are most actual property owners. "As Cynthia came to meet him down the wide flagged path, her white dress making a dazzling picture against the dark blue of the larkspurs and the rosy pinks and brilliant scarlets of the perennial phloxes, Gervase's heart stood still." Here we have an obviously welldesigned garden walk, probably of 4 ft. by 3 ft. stone slabs, leading direct to the terrace without fussy curves or unnecessary corners, and flanked by well-stocked herbaceous borders in which the height and colour of the plants have been carefully calculated not to obscure or dwarf Cynthia's figure. The absence of white hollyhocks should be noted. If the novelist had had to write "As Cynthia zig-zagged towards him up the winding cinder track, vanished for a moment behind the potting shed, took the wrong turning at the sundial, and finally made a flying leap over the herbaceous border, her flowerlike face looking pinched and wan amongst the red-hot pokers, Gervase's heart stood still," much of the effectiveness of the scene would be lost.

When planting trees, remember that it will be some years before they grow to full splendour. You must try to look. ahead to your own development too. A silver birch, ideal for a slip of a girl, can be as broadening for the mature woman as a skirt with horizontal stripes. Young Mrs. Z thought that a Yucca tree, with its huge spikes of white flowers, would provide the perfect foil for her dark beauty on sunny summer afternoons. She forgot that Yuccas do not flower while young. By the time her own specimen burst into bloom her hair was snowwhite and she had to sit indoors to be noticed at all. With a little more forethought she would have planted a copper beech or one of the dark Prunuses and so laid up for herself a garden in which she, and they, could grow old gracefully together.

#### Backgrounds for Men

The once widely held belief that foliage is more suitable than flowers as an outdoor setting for men is fast losing ground. While it is true that rhododendrons in winter make an effective background for elderly clergymen, many of the other professions are better served by a dash of colour. Standard roses in bloom, for instance, bring out the best in retired colonels, who can hardly go wrong if they stick to Caroline Testout, Hugh Dickson or any of the older varieties. Azaleas are sympathetic to most business men-unless they rank as magnates, for whom more formal arrangements of zinnias, tulips or dahlias are better suited. Asters, perhaps with a groundwork of salpiglossis, help to lend interest to lawyers. Doctors are difficult and blend better with their surroundings indoors. Authors, too, seem to need a touch of brickwork and should rarely venture beyond the loggia (where almost any kind of climber will serve as relief), unless they can find a low wall to put one foot up on. Naval men on leave are among the very few who can afford to lie full length on grass. Sages must, and do, sit cross-legged on white garden seats against a background of Ceanothus thyrsiflorus.

Strikingly ugly playwrights should stand about on terraces in tweeds. The question of what dogs they should have with them is too complicated to be dealt with here.



## SITTING PRETTY



## **Gracious Living Forum**

N your excellent article on the Hon. Aubrey Toilet's cottage conversion you mention a built-in taperecorder in his inglenook. Could I make a similar arrangement for my old portable gramophone (Decca, 1931)? (B.F., Ilkley.)

Why not? Lid clearance would be the only difficulty. But paint the inside of the lid to tone with your wall; it would then be unostentatious when in use, and at other times could form a novel service-hatch.

I followed your directions for "A Tiny Dinner-Party" to the letter. Unfortunately, owing to a municipal wages dispute, the dustmen were late that week and passed through the diningroom—I lack a back door to my wee basement flat—during the Omelette Stephanie. I did not quite know how to gloss the incident over before my guests. What would you suggest in the event of a recurrence? (Miss C. Burm, S.E.1.)

This is really one for the social editor, isn't it? However, remember that once a crisis has arrived it is too late. Foresight is needed. A gay hint during cocktails, such as, "Oh, by the way, don't blame the devilled poussins if you think you see dustmen: they

Whether your problem is woodworm, wireworm, frayed slipmats, noisy cisterns or even that old one of cesspool v. soakaway, let BERYL BOOTHROYD solve it.

are dustmen"... and then a short explanation... will work wonders.

We have just given our small son a bedroom of his own as a fourth-birthday gift. The walls are pale apricot with trellis design in pale pink, ceiling glosspainted in maroon, woodwork burnt orange. Patterned blue-and-wine bedside rugs brighten the chequered linoleum of oyster and rust, and the curtains have coloured abstract shapes on a daffodil ground with harlequin edging; these are matched by his little bed-sheets, pyjamas and hot-water bottle cover. Furniture is only oddments, but enamelled pillar-box red to add a touch of colour. Chamber-pot and other accessories in clair-de-lune blue. Our son has not altogether taken to the room, and often wakes up crying. Is the scheme too severe? (Mrs. H. de S.-W., Leeds).

Possibly. There are attractive Disney friezes for kiddies' bedrooms.

Why not try the witch's sequence from "Snow White"?

I have taken great pains with the décor of my (rented) bed-sitter, even to the lengths of contrasting walls in donkey-brown and chartreuse, and gilt wall - brackets containing Monsteria Deliciosa and Chlorophytum Capense Varigatum. Furniture is absolutely contemporary throughout, with two ceiling mobiles. Now my landlord has insisted that I store for him a heavy mahogany harmonium with painted silk front. How can I successfully incorporate this? (B.A.Y., Chelsea.)

I doubt whether this can be done. But every room has its "intruder." Why not rethink your décor, with the harmonium as leitmotif? Captain Patt-Lemmon, you may recall (our January issue), based a striking room on an old cauldron acquired in settlement of a bad debt.

My small dining-living room was asthetically entirely satisfying until I won a television set in a competition. It makes my Regency-stripe wallpaper seem dowdy and old-fashioned. Suggestions, please! ("Shaken," Watford.)

Your wallpaper gives me the clue. That spare piece in the cupboard



"That one should sell well."

under the stairs will be ample to paper the TV.

Six months ago my hubby and I bought a house, being much attracted by the vendor's references to the "wellstocked garden." As town birds, we looked forward to seeing all nature's wonders come sprouting, but the main ingredient seems to be a very populous weed that has shot up in every bed and horder, so that we are simply rife with the spiky, sappy stems and coarse green leaves. Recently a hard yellow growth has been added. Though no artist I enclose rough sketch. How can I be rid of these beastly things? (Mrs. P., Reigate.)

From your description and drawing I identify your "weeds" as daffodils, one of springtide's most popular harbingers. Never mind, you will know better next year!

When refurnishing recently we bought several nice modern pieces with the new "splayed-out" legs, and expected our visitors to be full of praise for our go-ahead tastes. However, our first guests were my husband's old mother and father, who puzzled and disappointed us by making no reference. Then the mystery was solved. As they sat side by side watching the TV we noticed that their own legs splayed out just like the settee's, so of course the novelty of the design had never struck them! ("Kath," Horsham.)

I'm afraid I don't quite gather the nature of your query. But there is nothing new in changing your furniture to match your guests' legs. ("Perfect Host," February, 1955.)

Please, can you suggest how to prevent my tall friends from banging their heads on my old oak beams, of which I have a wealth? (P.K., Gloucester.)

You can buy worn-out motor tyres quite reasonably at any reputable scrap-yard. Cut in sections, stretch and glue to beams, stain to match.

Although my husband and I have eagerly read all your home-decoration hints for years we are still awaiting a really unusual scheme for an indoor coal-hole. Ours is a disgrace, and we are ashamed when visitors ask to see it, but we seem to have no bright ideas about how to improve it. Please put us out of our misery. ("Tim and Janey," Taunton.)

I fear you must have missed our issue of last May, in which full details



"Haircut!"

of the Marchioness of Wragsmith's coal-hole were given in a special supplement. Briefly, this is panelled in natural beech, and in summer makes a pleasant ancillary dining recess for the domestic staff. Variation can be achieved during the winter months by ordering coloured coal.

Lady "Dickie" Limebyrd's dictum that "a house isn't a home until it has french windows" sent me into a real planning whirl in this tiny terrace house. But there are only two outside walls, and french windows would give out on to either the public bus stop (front) or a three-foot wide passage used by barrows from a nearby slaughterhouse, I would like to know if Lady "Dickie" is stating a fact or an opinion and, if the former, what do you recommend? ("Anxious," Southwark.)

Our contributor may have exaggerated slightly, but those wonderful windows do make a difference, you know, particularly at this time of year. Why not have your house torn down and built elsewhere?

#### Painting the Lily

"The new Cannes venture will be more than just m hairdressing salon. Antoine calls it 'Le Centre de Beauté'—a larger than life statue of Botticelli's Venus will stand in It will have all the newest systems of beauty treatment-body massage by high-pressure water jets, paraffin wax slimming baths, and facilities for clinical treatment."—Daily Telegraph

#### Colour Problem

WHO are they that choose What shall be this year's hues In wallpaper and paint? And when, to be exact, Do they wake up to the fact That last year's hues are quaint?

Do the makers foster rumours That will stimulate consumers Of their surplus Tangerine? Would we tremble and obey If the War Office should say "There's a glut of Sapper's Green"?

What makes shades like Oyster Beige Return as all the rage

When we thought we'd said good-bye? Who rides this cycle? Who In time makes all things new, Even Rust? And why, oh, why,

If I choose to go it gay And fleck my ceilings, say, With Tepid Chocolate Am I never once ahead Of the fashion, but instead About five years out of date?

PETER DICKINSON



Trevor
Sellingham
on the
staircase
of his
North-west
London home

# A popular author at home

SELF-EXPRESSION is the keynote in the contemporary home which Trevor Sellingham has created for his wife and his family. In a long, gently-curving avenue set amid the populous, yet picturesque, slopes of north-west suburban London, Mr. Sellingham has taken a brown pebble-dashed cottage of no special architectural distinction and made of it a dwelling that reflects the many facets of his mercurial personality.

The house itself is of representative late George V style, standing mostly in its own grounds, but with the west wall nestling affectionately against the east wall of the almost identical house "next door"—identical but for an ingenious architectural device by which one house becomes the looking-glass-image of the other. Inside, it is of conventional design, with a straight staircase rising steeply from the entrance-hall past the airing-cupboard to the first-floor landing.

The south side of the house overlooks the spacious back garden, laid out by Mrs. Sellingham with much ingenuity in such a way that flower-beds, lawn and vegetables blend into an harmonious composition. On the east side Mr. Sellingham

has added a small garage in creosoted deal plank. The severely functional lines pay no concession to the maturer neo-Georgian quality of the main building, but the effect is striking and "comes off" completely. There is also a small formal garden on the north side of the house.

The chief glory of the interior is the warm and friendly lounge on the left of the hallway as you go in. Every piece in this delightful room is a period gem. Peeping between a matchless collection of pictures and ornaments, one catches an occasional glimpse of the stippled wallpaper in a quiet pattern of rose-pink, lime-green and beige. The paper is arrested a foot short of the ceiling by a moulded picture-rail stained almost a dark cocoa, and the effect is heightened by the floral dado running below it. Above the rail, the walls and ceiling are washed in white.

The nautical motif set by the model galleon on the bookcase is repeated in the stained-glass window that pierces the east wall. This is a reminder of Mr. Sellingham's days in the R.N.V.R. and recurs elsewhere in the house, drawing it together thematically in dramatic fashion.



The two distinctive laburnums before the house were planted by Councillor Preston. Opposite: the lounge.





#### A popular writer at home continued

MR. SELLINGHAM believes that a writer should identify himself closely with life as it is being lived around him, and has planned his workroom to put that theory into effect. But it is sometimes a temptation, he confesses, to drop whatever he is doing and lose himself in contemplation of the view framed in the painted wood service-hatch. His two children Graham, ten, and Deirdre, twelve, are being brought up in the same tradition. The table is of dark oak and the typewriter is a Magisterial finished in bright black. A brown paper and curtains of off-grey cotton lightly patterned in violet create the proper studious atmosphere.

Right, above. The view across the south garden from the french windows of the dining-room shows how ingeniously every inch of the limited space has been pressed into service. The trellis and the toolshed are painted garden-green. The hen is a Rhode Island Red. Right, below. The small earthenware figure dominating the north garden is by Gardencraft, Ltd., and belonged to Mrs. Sellingham's aunt.



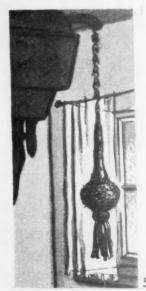












1. The typically Old English kitchen is heated by a Hotboil stove which also supplies water to the bathroom and the hot linen-cupboard. 2. The nautical theme is continued in the bathroom with a picture in tiles of a sailing-yacht. 3. A gaily-patterned eiderdown, in green silk, and yellow curtains set off walls of baby-pink distemper in Mr. and Mrs. Sellingham's bedroom. 4. The oxidized bronze fire-irons bring a welcome change of mood to the tiled fireplace. 5. The nautical element again—a "Turk's Head" knot replaces the conventional white china grip.

## Espry de Flores

#### By GEOFFREY GORER

HATEVER you do, not a bunch of well-grown flowers, put into a vase which is meant to hold flowers. It shows no artistic sense, no personal taste, no invention. Indeed flowers in flower arrangements are getting definitely rather common.

Have you ever considered what beauty there is in roots? How little do we appreciate those forms and colours which do not immediately strike the eye. A charming sideboard arrangement can be made from an old barograph case. Throw away the works and line the bottom with moss, with a few daisies and cowslips stuck into it upside down; then dig up half a dozen primrose plants, wash the tender little vellow roots until they are quite clean, cut off the leaves to make a base, and group them at one end of your container. Accent and balance can be given by a well-scrubbed parsnip and a couple of carrots, preferably the variety Julia Clements which is a much richer amber than the common early Nantes. Some lengths of bindweed or clematis root will break the severity of your lines.

If you are arranging a big reception, just have a couple of elm trees dug up and cut evenly at the base. The roots will need to be cleaned with a soft tooth-brush if you are not to destroy the coral colour which is the chief glory of this plant. Just stand them on either side of the room, quite alone, on their severed bases. If the trees have been well-grown and carefully lifted, the informal symmetry of the roots will need no or little correction. The boldness and simplicity of this arrangement will produce gasps of admiration and envy. But I must warn you that you need a rather large room if it is to contain the flower arrangement and the guests. If your drawing-rooms are not large enough, perhaps you had better dispense with the latter.

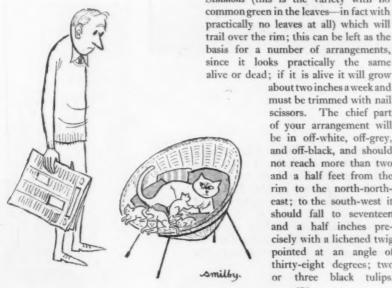
Perhaps the chief contribution of the really contemporary flower arranger has been the discovery that whatever can hold moss or water can contain flowers. In nearly every house there is a silk hat or top hat which is no longer in use, and which can make a very novel container. Put some crushed chicken wire on some florists' wax, with plenty of damp peat moss (if the hat is going to be required in the future you could put in a tin lining, but this is hardly necessary). Now place your container in the site you intend for it-such as one end of a dining table-and brush it very carefully. The essence of this arrangement depends on the contrast between the glossiness of the container and the dinginess of the leaves, twigs, and seedpods with which you will fill it, so make certain that it is really shining. Plant most of the edge with tradescantia Joy Simmons (this is the variety with no common green in the leaves-in fact with practically no leaves at all) which will trail over the rim; this can be left as the basis for a number of arrangements, since it looks practically the same

> about two inches a week and must be trimmed with nail scissors. The chief part of your arrangement will be in off-white, off-grey, and off-black, and should not reach more than two and a half feet from the rim to the north-northeast: to the south-west it should fall to seventeen and a half inches precisely with a lichened twig pointed at an angle of thirty-eight degrees; two three black tulips,

or grey roses, or white cyprediums (not cattleyas, they are much too white) can be allowed under the lichen, if you wish to strike a frivolous note. If you have an oldfashioned polished table it might be advisable to cover it with a shroud to make sure your high-lights only fall where you wish them. And, most importantly, don't have any silver on the table at the same time as your arrangement; pewter would be much more suitable.

And now for a really masculine arrangement, for hubby's den. Nearly every hubby has some tobacco jars which simply shriek to be used for a really novel design. It is better to throw away the tobacco rather than to damp it, for plants don't flourish in concentrated nicotine. A suitable combination would be ash-berries, tobacco plant (Nicotiana affinis) and huge swathes of Dutchman's Pipe (Aristolochia macrophylla var. Constance Spry with tangerine and magenta flowers) which could fall all over the chimney-piece. Pipe-bowls themselves are ideal containers for miniature arrangements; the larger ones will hold a tiny plant of saxifrage. If he has some guns or fishing-rods, why not grow ivy up them, or perhaps a scarlet morning glory? A television set would make an exquisite fern garden, once the screen and the valves have been removed; the kitchen sink could make a fascinating sink garden (you could do the washingup in the garden pool); climbers would be the making of an old-fashioned hatstand; and if He's got a big leather arm-chair, why not stuff it with huge spotted calceolarias?

Flower vases are definitely not suitable containers for flower arrangements, but they are quite useful for home-made preserves and pickles; or you can fill them with bath-salts as Christmas gifts. If you are sent some vulgar florists' flowers, pull off the petals; stems, stamens and pistils can be really quite novel, if tastefully arranged. Use the petals in a salad; use the lettuce as foliage; grow the beetroot tops in Nankeen saucers. One thing must be kept constantly in mind: contemporary flower arrangements are not made to be enjoyed; they are made to be admired.



## **Country Seats**

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THE leisured days of gracious living may be gone beyond recall, but with a welfare week of five days' work and two days' sleep we can look forward this summer to many an idle hour of gracious lounging.

Cedar trees and velvet lawns are not essential to the new idleness. Balconies, penthouses, verandas, flat roofs, front porches and basement yards are all acceptable contemporary backgrounds for opulent appointments. Couch hammocks and wheeled lounges are gorgeously canopied like maharajahs' howdahs; chaises-longues are ever longer and more languorous. The more urban or suburban the surroundings, the more essential to go the whole hog.

Compared with these foam-cushioned laps of luxury the simple deck-chair is a stark and draughty thing; at best, an uneasy chair. It still has its supporters, despite itself being such an unreliable supporter; but those who defend it are, perhaps, merely being faithful to their memories . . . memories of countryhouse cricket, of Henley, and of all the other summer pleasures in which deckchairs are, or were, traditional to the scene. There have at times been disputes as to who invented the deck-chair. and when. Certainly it was on board in the great days of the P. and O. liners to India, the days when the word "posh" was coined for those who could pay to defeat the heat by travelling Port out and Starboard home. But most of us, most women at any rate, are content to write the deck-chair off as one of those lamentable things done long ago, and ill done. It was not so ill when skirts were full and flowing to the ankle; but when the wearer of a short straight skirt is confronted with the necessity of sitting in a deck-chair, then comes the elegant woman's Waterloo.

The two advantages which must be allowed the deck-chair—its comparative

cheapness and its lightness for carrying to the far corners of the garden-can equally well be claimed for the new aluminium garden furniture. This is unbelievably lightweight, extremely strong and weatherworthy. The seats and backs are of woven plastic strips (white interlaced with red, green, or yellow) which do not absorb moisture, so that the chairs can be left out in the rain. There are armless stacking chairs, armed gliders (a modern type of rocking chair), and wheeled lounges, twowheeled, that is, like a porter's barrow. You pick them up by the foot end and trundle them along.

These aluminium and plastic pieces are uncompromisingly of this day and age: bright and hygienic, fit for their purpose. Less sense but more sensibility is manifest in the reproduction Regency wrought-iron furniture, painted white, gracefully scrolled and entwined. This has a wistful appeal. The owners



"Of course I'm only a week-end painter."



of a veranda or a river frontage find it hard to resist, even in the full knowledge that the beauty of the chairs and seats is more in the eye of the beholder than in the sensations of the sitter. These are not chairs to lounge in, any more than are the little iron and slattedwood chairs which scrunch on the grey gravel of French courtyards, of Italian and Swiss lakeside terraces, and are the acme of discomfort.

But some of the modern garden ironmongery, which is so much lighter to move about, does combine elegance with a fair degree of comfort. design of this furniture is of the Festival of Britain school, and much of it is influenced by the contemporary Finnish furniture of the pin-leg persuasion. White-painted iron frames have seats made of plastic tension-springs of red, vellow, blue or grey; or alternatively, painted plywood seats and backs. The Antelope settees and chairs, with deceptively fragile looking white-painted frames, have a very delicate air. There are also modern versions of the old perforated metal chairs and tables.

None of this kind of metal furniture folds or stacks. Nor is it for lounging. It is for sitting up and taking breakfast, tea, or supper in the open. For sun-baking, there is the garden couch of wroughtiron and cane, with separate mattress. Or cheaper, and looking it, are the hammocks and chairs of canvas stretched between demountable tubular frames. Some have oddly asymmetrical shapes. The "Butterfly Chair," for instance, looks like a mad inventor's contrivance for putting underneath the window of a house on fire and saying "Jump!" For

sleeping out, there is the excellent Aerobed, which folds away neatly into three, with a three-fold inflatable mattress.

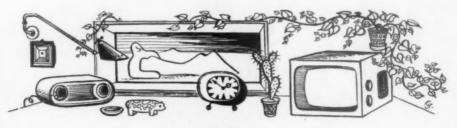
That which is currently considered most voguish is the furniture made of malacca cane, or of thick bamboo. Softened up with chintz covered cushions and canopies, it has a prosperous appearance; somewhat heavy, and somewhat dear. Cane tea tables and drink trollies have thick glass tops: and you can, if that is your idea of happiness and hospitality, furnish your Eden with a cane cocktail bar, with black Vitrolite top. This will cost you some seventy pounds without the cocktail stools to match, without the cane screen which makes a back-drop to the set-up, and without the drinks.

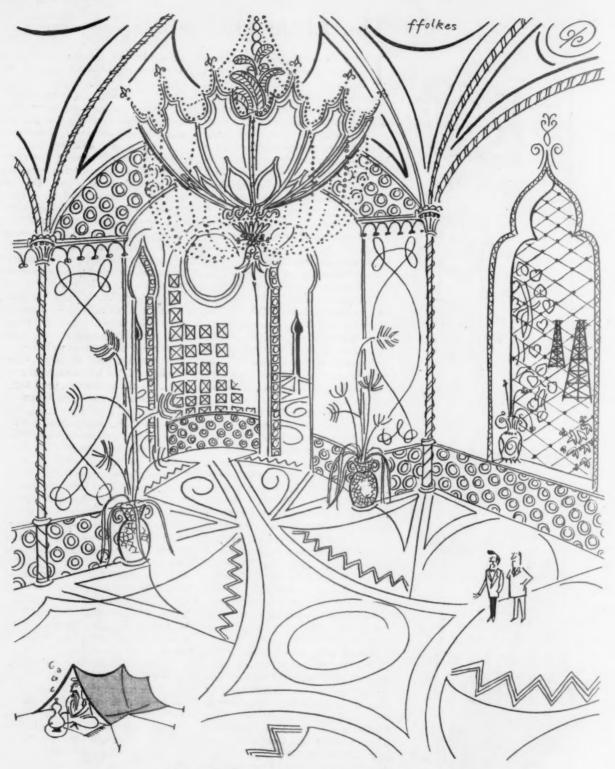
More fashionable alfresco friskings can be held if you buy a charcoal grill. Barbecues are the favourite way of entertaining in America at the moment, and these out-door grills can now be bought, not too dearly, in London. They are pleasingly designed in wrought iron, and are either made to stand on their own legs or on a table. The

charcoal fire burns with a steady glowing heat which grills chops, steaks, sausages, or poultry, speared on long steel skewers. A barbecue grill is perfectly safe to use on a veranda or in a summerhouse—or, indeed, in a dining-room, where it serves as a useful conversation piece.

The garden furniture made to-day is good. There is none of the debasement which is apparent in the untutored and ill-disciplined taste of the furniture which the great majority of manufacturers think is what people want inside their ideal homes. Only the upholstered garden furniture tends to be tainted and vulgarized with voluptuous sumptuosity; with the rest there seems to be a restraining tradition of good design. The tradition stems from the conservatories, not the gardens, of earlier days. For the custom of sitting in the garden is not more than a hundred years old. Country-houses, it is true, would have their slatted-wood and iron seats, sometimes of immense and splendid proportions (six-seaters, complete with footrests against the dangerous damp); but they were mainly used just as halting places on the tour of the grounds. People did not linger in the garden, far less lounge; and a suggestion to stroll through the shrubberies and visit the grotto was, to the frailer of the frail sex, an invitation to catch one's death.

Yet even Mr. Woodhouse might have been persuaded by Emma to sit out in the garden (with, it goes without saying, a rug on his knees and a shawl round his shoulders) if the Hartfield grounds had boasted one of the wicker arbour-chairs, shaped like sedan chairs, now in a London store. In these one is sheltered like a snail in its shell. The double arbour, a generous two-seater, is just the thing for a dilettante flirtation; its occupants are screened from the wind and the world—and his wife.

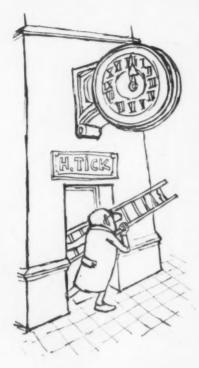




"Grandfather's never got used to us finding all that oil."

### The Little Owl

By ANTHONY CARSON





N the town of Drift in North Africa most of the smart people live in the French quarter, but the distinguished ones live up in the Kasbah, in tiny, sly cramped houses without any chairs or baths or sanitation. You climb a corkscrew stair to a tower, and gasp at Drift thrown like an exquisite carpet to the floor of the sea. Through fox-eyed windows come the cries of the Arab boys kicking footballs, the eyeless chant of the beggars, the drugged network of Arab music blaring from radios in cunning shops. It is a stone's throw away from cocktail bars. Spanish tarts. mushroom banks, tourists and Drift Radio flamenco, but nothing of Europe comes through the sandalwood barrier. It's as strong as steel, wide as a sea. Here is Ispahan or old fabulous Baghdad or rosy Marrakesh, and Allah rules the fierce brilliant sky. The people who come to live in the Kasbah do not stay the same. Their eyes change colour, their problems change, time is huge, there is importance in tiny things, life and death have dangerous, absorbing double faces.

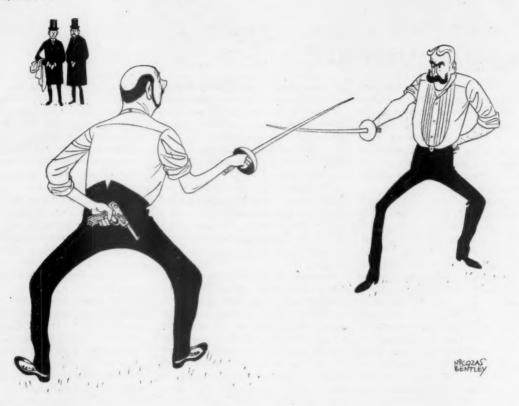
High up in the Kasbah is the Palace of the Diinns. This is a sort of Arabian night-club, managed by a man called Ivan West. I had known him years ago in Paris, and he seemed to have no nationality, no profession and no income. At times he seemed American, at times English, at others French. He was intensely vague, and had a habit of suddenly disappearing. On one occasion I heard that he disappeared from the Gare d'Austerlitz in a dressing gown to go to a wedding in Biarritz. There was no wedding, but he stayed there for months at a very good hotel. He was an unhappy man, but gave the impression of being very close to the smartest and highest points of excitement to be found anywhere.

Hearing that he was running the Palace of the Djinns I left my crumbling Spanish hotel near the seafront and climbed up the shrill, masked streets of the Kasbah towards the building. It was night, and this is a time when the Kasbah is given over to the magicians. After tunnelling into various sly alleyways I discovered the Palace, a rather dilapidated house with a huge red door. In front stood a bearded man in a

turban, and he bowed me inside. I felt almost struck by the magnificence of the place, a cool, restrained magnificence, half-ascetic, half voluptuous, secretively divided into glimmering compartments overhung by Arabian lamps like autumn moons. An orchestra was playing and chanting, and the rhythm tapped and tapped at your mind like a brilliant messenger. I went into the bar and found West. He was standing in front of an elegant chair on which was sitting a kind of small owl which he was feeding with pieces of liver. West was dressed in well-cut evening clothes, and seemed more interested in this owl than in anything he had ever known, as though he had only lived and suffered to find it. But that was iust an impression. "Hullo," he said, holding out his hand. We both sat down beside the owl. It had a disturbing habit of swivelling its head round backwards and looking at you with remarkable intensity, like a lawyer, then swaying. "It's a bit drunk," admitted West. "I give it Martinis, you know."

The music kept creeping up on me like a tide, and a small boy in a turban came into the bar, chanting and twirling and stuffing money into his hair. "You have to give him money," said West. "These are Berbers. Like a sect." "The orchestra is quite the most beautiful orchestra I have ever heard." I said. West nodded his head vaguely, absorbed in the bird. By now it was looking at itself in the mirror, crouching and swaying and swivelling. Viewed from the back you could see its absurd ungrown bottom. "It's a Thurber owl," I cried delightedly. "It's that and more," he agreed, giving it a drink of gin and vermouth. Then, suddenly, and as I remembered from the Paris days, he began telling me a wonderful story. It was about the Palace of Diinns and the orchestra.

"I got the musicians from a place in the Riff mountains," he said. "I have been there once or twice. It is guarded, you know. A valley. These people are not really Mohammedans, they are a strange race who come from old Carthage. All their feasts commemorate the marriage of Ishtar with the great god Pan, and this is the music you are hearing. It is really and actually the



pipes of Pan. They live for music, and play by families, and although I change my orchestra once a month the new ones are always relatives." "What is it like in this valley?" I asked excitedly. "It is astonishingly beautiful, rather somnolent," he said. "The drums start almost at dawn, and then the pipes call to each other, and there is this kind of intricate musical rivalry between the families. It is something like living with birds." He turned to the owl. By now it was hunting itself behind the mirror, coming back and shuffling past it, now with cunning, now swivelling towards us with its drunk lawyer's eyes. "They are like children," continued West, "and of course I am betraying them . . . They always need me with them, and I have had to learn the drum ritual. It is a sort of love." He suddenly left the owl and walked towards the orchestra, and I could hear them playing to him, while he moved slightly backwards and forwards in a light trance. There was nothing insincere about him. A sharp brittle drum seemed to call him and a heavy drum pushed him away. Sometimes the orchestra laughed delightedly as they teased him with the music. When he returned to me and the owl he looked very sad and tired. "I am betraying them," he said. "Hardly anybody knows what's going on here. If you really listened to the pipes of Pan, if you cared to, you would go mad, and the world would always be empty afterwards." "Who comes here?" I asked him, waving towards the European people in evening dress drinking wine and eating expensive Cous-Cous. "Film stars and American generals and people from vachts, and some of them come from Cooks, and smart, bogus intellectuals." He gave the owl a drink. "I am always betraying what I love."

And then he laughed, pointing at the owl. "Do you know," he said, "when this owl grows up it becomes terribly terribly fierce and swoops on people and bites them?"

8 8

Much Thanks

"Over 750 dancers attended a dance at Whitby Spa to Johnny Dankworth's Band. A local band, Johnny Milsom's Orchestra, provided relief music."—The Stage

#### Prospect of Peace

("Based on Christmas Island . . . and dropped in mid-sea.")

EVERY man his own Avilion,
Sea-surrounded, coral curled,
There must be about a million
In the Atlas of the World.

Every man his isle for asking, Famed in song or scarcely found, Some where turtles lie a-basking Some, where terrorists abound.

Christmas Island! Christmas Island! In the deep Pacific blue All our future seems to smile, and All our hopes are based on you.

Dream no more of realms enchanted Where the heroes lie at ease, Lest you find their bits transplanted On the radioactive breeze.

Only think while roll the oceans
That the cure for Earth's unrest
Lies in having huge explosions
Round the Islands of the Blest.

EVOE

## They Got Over It

#### By CLAUD COCKBURN

SUDDEN death is, no question, disconcerting, but one can achieve some solace and compensation in the thought of the Survivors—those, I mean, of one's acquaintance who, according to the form book, ought to have come to a sticky end long ago and are still there; at the worst only slightly shrivelled bay trees.

Alive to-day and eating-so they tell me-reasonably hearty is the Edler Herr Wolfgang Gans zu Putlitz, about my early association with whom I have written some pieces in a book. Look at it the way an insurance company might and ask yourself what were his expectations of survival. A German baron-junker of the old school, closely associated with all those friends and relatives of von Papen who got shot by Hitler, sent as German Minister to Haiti and there discovered at the heart of an appalling socio-sexual scandal by none other than the bitterly hostile French Minister, shipped back to Germany where the ultra Nazis thought he was an aristocratic British spy, sent en poste to London and Amsterdam, where he actually became a British spy, escaped to Britain for duration of war, his dearest friend in London beinghow probably-Guy Burgess.

He returns to Germany and finds that his new boss under the British administration of the Western Zone is exactly the same Nazi boss who wanted to shoot him earlier. Finally, just when everyone was saying poor old Wolfgang, off he goes to the Eastern Zone and there he is back in the East German Foreign Office, which is almost exactly where he started from.

Or consider Mr. Wilfrid Macartney who after a singularly distinguished career-and a very dangerous oneunder Sir Compton Mackenzie as a British Intelligence agent in the Ægean, returned to England, was gaoled for, I think, about five years as a Soviet spy, immediately wrote, with that resilience which distinguishes the real survivor, a best-selling book, and with that healthy confidence which is also a survival characteristic, gave up the good eats and the champagne of the best London restaurants which he loved and went out to Spain as the first commander of the British battalion of the International Brigade with the expectation of being shot a little later on by Franco's Moors or lynched immediately by some angry men from Glasgow who had thought the Brigade would offer more than was immediately available in Albacete.

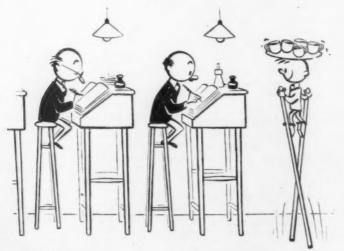
In any list of survivors I would put high Mr. Grosza who is now President of Rumania but at the time I knew him was Prime Minister. Years and years ago, sometime in the early 'thirties, Mr. Grosza was the youngest Cabinet Minister in Rumania. At that time he was the third largest land-owner in Rumania, which is saying a good deal, and was the director of no fewer than nineteen industrial and financial companies, which is saying perhaps a little more.

Some time in the nineteen-thirties he slammed his portfolio together at a Cabinet meeting and stated in so many words that he would "cross the Carpathians to his estates in Transylvania and would not return until 'this Sodom and Gomorrah of Bucharest has been cleared up."

Most people thought this was some kind of an act, and expected to see the young minister—who at the time was incidentally the champion amateur boxer of Rumania—return in exchange for a fee for services to be rendered. Nothing of the kind happened. Grosza remained on his Transylvanian estate for seventeen years and crossed the Carpathians only twice—once to be imprisoned and the second time to become Prime Minister.

I asked him during the week-end which I spent at that strange Transylvanian house in what Philip Jordan used to call "the heart of the Dracula country" what the devil a vigorous man like himself did all those many years. He said "First of all I survived. Like the Abbé Sieyes. Secondly I developed some rare plants in my garden. Thirdly I learned to think dialectically."

Our journey to the Dracula country had been somewhat extenuated. First, since it was Rumania, the food for the Prime Minister's special train had been sent to the wrong station. All I and the Prime Minister had was the protection of the secret police who thronged about the small suburban station from which our superbly equipped diesel actually left but were not in a position to supply us with so much as a sandwich. Fortunately the Premier's special coach was permanently stocked with supplies of hock, Pouilly and champagne. Grosza and myself sat down to a long, well-wined but hungry conversation first in French then in German, both of



ROY DAVIS

which languages he spoke with great fluency. Towards four o'clock in the morning as this beautiful little train was snaking through the Carpathian Alps he wearied suddenly of both these languages and asked me whether I spoke Latin. I admitted that I did. He said he thought it would be more convenient to continue our discussion in that language. We did so. Although I speak Latin reasonably well I found the experience of discussing Hitler in it exhausting.

At seven in the morning we arrived at Mr. Grosza's house and to my horror and disgust I saw a notice in five languages stating that guests were not to smoke in their bedrooms, that at the sound of the first gong they must appear in the ante-room of the dining-room, that at the second gong they must enter the dining-room and that anybody who failed to observe these rules would go without his lunch or dinner as the case might be.

Like one's great-grandfather, because I felt under an obligation to my host, I lay down with my head in the fireplace of my room smoking cigars up the chimney. At the first gong I and my wife dashed to the designated anteroom. Everybody else had dashed too. (I forgot to say that the among the rules was one which said that no alcohol was to be consumed by the guests before lunch.) Madame Grosza immediately offered us large glasses of vodka which were refilled as immediately. We waited without cigars or cigarettes for approximately three-quarters of an hour. At the end of this period Mr. Grosza himself appeared tilting a big glass of vodka and smoking a huge cigar. We went in to lunch. During lunch no fewer than eleven people, including four Cabinet Ministers, forced their way into the room and Mr. Grosza spoke amiably to them all.

Later when I got to know him better I asked him why he bothered to print these rules about absolute punctuality, non-smoking, non-drinking and so on. He said: "In Rumania we are a somewhat anarchic people. I do not expect



anyone, even myself, to be capable of observing these rules, but unless we write down some kind of rules chaos, my dear chap, will occur."

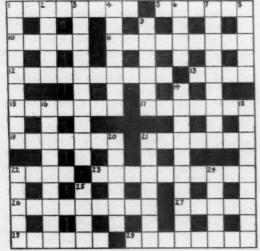
He had made an effort in his own life to overcome this vast Rumanian chaos. He showed me in a bookshelf fortyseven little leather-bound notebooks in which he had noted down the, to him, interesting events of his singular life.

I noticed that in the first of his tiny volumes he had remarked on the cost of the bus fare from South Kensington to the City on his first visit to London at the age of seven, and that the last but three contained the words "Hitler. Yes? No? No."

### House and Garden Crossword

Across

- A throne's been overturned-far more than one in factsince this type of furniture came in. (8)
- 5. As all who tend it know, if you don't make a start you're left with a forest. (6)
- None like them: surely a cynical misstatement. (5)
- Ventilators of 10, not slight gaffes. (9)
- Twisting the hound's tail, e.g. building a Gothic kennel on to a pseudo-Tudor stable. (10)
  Well-stocked 10. (4)
- 13.

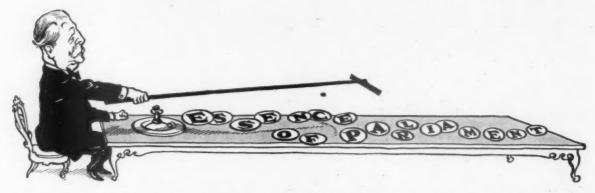


Solution next week

- Bun confected in boudoir rather than kitchen. (7)
- Seedsmen hate it when the list is wrong. (7)
  - I report inaccurately. Folly! Might be in a winter garden. (7)
- of the old sewing machine is drastically altered now.
- A room in Valhalla or less heroic 10. (4)
  - Fine song to get out of tune, especially at Christmas, when 10 are 7 with this frippery. (10)
- Home dressmaker. (9) Battered caravanserai, 'van out. (5)
- There couldn't be a more reckless thing for cook to start the day with. (6)
- A little bit of cutlery will make the sponge go like mad. (8)

#### Down

- Should hang in 22, but liable to turn up anywhere in 10. (6, 3)
- A pest in the 5, not to be confused with the artist. (5) Their houses are not public, they don't say 9, they are
- not seafaring floor-varnishers. (10)
- How a harassed housewife's work goes. Enough 5 for one man to cultivate. (4)
- A wretched actor indeed; 10 must be periodically. (9)
- Arch synonym for 10. (5)
- Health insurance—wishfully speaking? (6)
- Does a bird's carcase get carved up here? Quite likely. (10)
- Refrigerators that grow in the 5. (9)
- Took no part in the Fall in the Garden. (9)
- Fastens its first half. (6) Lace technique; should be practised in Knottingham. (7) 21. This bard in the hand is worth far more than two of this
- bird on the soft-fruit bush. (5) Royal architect seems to announce his design for entrance.
- Noted captain of this was a good hand at bridge. (4)



THE essence of the Anglo-Irish joke is that the Irish make it and the English see it, and on such a term of reference never was there a better Anglo-Irish joke than the theft and return of the Morisot picture to the Tate Gallery. In England anything that happens to Sir John Rothenstein is generally thought to be funny, and most English people thought the whole episode an excellent joke. On the other hand the young Irish students who took the picture, fervent Irish patriots as they are, belong to an organization that is not widely popular in their own country. Irish reactions to their feat were distinctly chilly. In the Lords Lord Selkirk had to admit that the theft was never discovered until some time after it had been perpetrated-until in fact those who had perpetrated it were good enough to ring up the authorities to explain what they had done. Why

should we not move all the Lane pictures from London to Dublin without saying anything about it and then see how long it is before anybody in either country spots it? Meanwhile on Wednesday their lordships turned from Morisot's picture to Sir William Holford's St. Paul's. The new design was generally praised on the ground that it gave us a St. Paul's that was eminently visible. The hope doubtless was that if any Irishman stole it he would be noticed.

Coating the Pill

The Budget was not quite so funny as that. There is a belief that is not confined to Chancellors of the Exchequer that it is a good thing to mix a little water with one's whisky. Indeed, if the Chancellor's speech is going to consist of nothing but the facts and figures of new taxes we might as well cut it out altogether, just deal round a piece of paper and then go off and have a few. There was nothing out of tradition in Mr. Macmillan's amiable preliminary reminiscences about Mr. Churchill's Budget of thirty-one years before, and Socialist cries to him to "get on with it" were singularly pointless. Dalton at least did not join in them. He at any rate knew well that for a Chancellor who "gets on with it" before the appointed hour there waits the fatal and remorseless axe. Yet when Mr. Macmillan did get on with it "it" did not amount to very much. What between Old Moore's Almanac and last month's Bradshaw, thought Mr. Macmillan, no one really knew what was going to happen, but if we continued smoking we should probably just pull Macaulay had, so why through. shouldn't we? The whole performance was a little piano, because the real question was a question to which the Budget could not in the nature of things give an answer. We must save more. But jigging about with interest-rates is clearly not going to persuade anybody to save unless he can be given some confidence that money will keep its value. Can we be given that confidence? We were told that £100 million would be knocked off the estimates. But where? and how? and was there any guarantee that during the coming year some nationalized workers would not be given the £100 million back as a pourboire in order to persuade them not to strike?

Remedy and Cure

Yet of course the lottery bonds were "the thing wherein he caught the conscience of the king." Charley always pays," Mr. Harold Wilson suggested for the Budget's theme song. But the real issue here was not so much the straight moral issue about gambling, as its ominous acceptance of the fact that public confidence in the pound was now such that no one could be persuaded to save, except under the enticement of an off-chance of a gigantic windfall. It is all, alas, very much like the dilemma of the hen and the egg. People will not save unless they think that prices will hold, and prices will not hold unless people can be persuaded to save, and in these days in which apparently hens are only going to be allowed to produce eggs by kind permission of Sir James Turner it is hard to see how the vicious circle can be broken. Yet, if the evil is that too much money is chasing too few goods, is it not pertinent to ask who is it that prints the money?

Mr. Harold Wilson's crack about the Chancellor having composed his Budget speech under the portrait of Horatio Bottomley rather than of Mr. Gladstone



sounded well at first hearing, but it did not stand up to very much analysis. The objection to Horatio Bottomley was that when he drew the bonds he drew them dishonestly. The objection to the Chancellor-of those who do object-is not so much that he will draw the bonds dishonestly as that he will draw them at all. Mr. Thorneycroft, in his capacity of walrus, was on to a good debating point when, weeping for the middleclass oysters, he said that what they wanted were not so much new positive concessions as stable prices; but this was not good enough for Dame Irene Ward, by far the noisiest of the noisy oysters. The Budget, she said, was "barren and abominable." She sang to the House the song of the border lass "going out to mow down the Ministers." But what exactly she would have the Ministers do was by no means easy to see, and, as they listened to her with their legs sprawled out in front of the Treasury Bench, they may well have murmured of her, as of another lass, admittedly from a little further north, "Will no one tell me what she sings?"

#### Loopholes in the Law

There was a great song and dance from Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. Roy Jenkins about tax evasion. One wishes that Members of Parliament would be very carefully exact when they use such language. Are they accusing someone of having lied in order to avoid tax to which he was liable? If so, that is a grave offence. Or are they accusing someone of having taken advantage of loopholes which Parliament has through its carelessness left in the laws which it has passed? If so, the offence is the offence not of the taxpayer but of Parliament itself. The notion that Government has a right to all of your money that it wants, and that if Parliament through its carelessness leaves loopholes which it does not intend then citizens are under obligation to pay what Parliament intended rather than what Parliament said, is of all notions the most monstrous. Mr. Henry Brooke threatens tax evaders with prison. But many people through inability to understand the regulations pay more tax than their liability. If prison there is to be, why should not a few tax collectors who collect tax to which they know that they are not entitled go to prison too?

#### Further Outlook

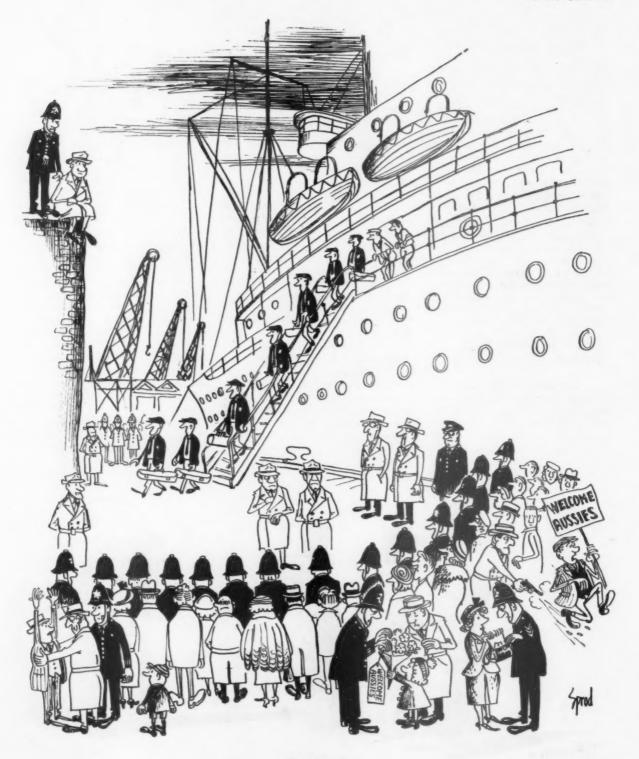
And yet, when all is said and done, we are not dead yet. We are still prosperous, and if hopes were dupes it is just possible that fears may be liars. It is just possible that these problems of trade may not be quite as difficult as wiseacres make them out to be. "Sir," said great Johnson, "trade could not be



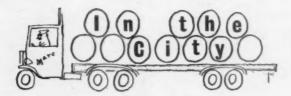
"When Socialists talk of Tory class legislation they do not know the facts of life."—Mr. Thorneycroft

managed by those who manage it if it had great difficulty." As one looks down on the House of Commons it is hard sometimes not both to think and to hope that he was right. The debate was wound up-pleasantly and competently enough-by Mr. Bottomley (Arthur, that is, not Horatio). It is always a little bit of a mystery why there is not more talk about Mr. Bottomley in discussions about Socialist leadership. Perhaps it is because he is too decent and kindly a man to live for long on the heights. But-who knows?-a day may come when some future Chancellor sits down to compose a Budget speech beneath a portrait of Mr. Arthur Bottomley. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





The Other Tour



The Mystery as Before

THE Chancellor's Budget statement I was a perfunctory attempt at fiscal spring-cleaning. He flicked a duster at inflation and swept awkward suggestions under the carpet. But none of his critics has been able to convince me that the performance could have been improved.

The simple truth is that we do not know how to scotch inflation-none of Some people believe that the country needs more carrot (incentives), others that it might respond to more stick (punitive taxation), but nobody really knows how to tackle the phenomenon of crisis in prosperity. Those behind cry "Forward!" and those before cry "Back!" And while we argue organized labour marches on, pushing the social revolution and the ruinous financial snowball before it. Mr. Macmillan cannot be blamed for trying to slow down the advance by peaceful persuasion, for nobody so far (read where you will) has been able to propose a more effective line of action.

This Budget is of course disappointing to the middle classes. The prophets had hinted at substantial concessions, increased income tax allowances, extended exemption from surtax, help with school fees, and so on. Instead Mr. Macmillan has provided the middle classes with new inducements to save, though what they are expected to use for savings has not been explained. The workers (I loathe the term but can no longer euphemize with "lower income groups") had expected nothing and have got it. The small increase in family allowances will be more than offset by dearer tobacco and (next autumn) dearer bread.

But wait. Yes, there is something for the little man-Mr. M.'s celebrated Premium Bonds. In 1957 we shall all be able to put our quid on the national nag. Every three months the Treasury will make the draw for the Grand National Consolidated Sweepstake, and the lucky ones among us will pull down handsome tax-free prizes of up to one thousand pounds.

I have not the slightest doubt that the Premium Bonds will be successful and popular. This nation of ours dearly loves a flutter (and in spite of the Chancellor's denials this is a flutter): it will hope to pay its income tax out of P.B. dividends, to buy a new telly and a motor car. It will welcome a speculative element in savings as it has welcomed commercial TV.

But what a way to run a national railway! As I see it the very fact of the Premium Bonds' existence in our midst automatically introduces an element of irresponsibility and an aura of

Poujadism. Psychologically we are conditioned to a continuance of inflation and encouraged to hope for something for nothing—for wage increases that are not justified by higher production, fatter dividends as the fruits of restrictive practices, cosier expense accounts, and bigger and better doles of Welfare payment.

Mammon may be quite wrong, ludicrously strait-laced and pussyfooted. He will certainly have a bit himself on the Macmillanpools and hope for the best, but he will never be convinced that an alliance with Lord Luck can help any government to win the people's confidence.

The Premium Bonds apart, this is a Budget that would have delighted Sir Stafford Cripps, the most austere and realistic of post-war Chancellors. A larger surplus (£460 millions), stiffer profits tax and tobacco duty, and an eloquent appeal to all to scorn delights and live laborious days. If we-of Left, Right and Centre-are really scared of inflation how can we possibly quarrel with the prescription? MAMMON



Neglected Liquid Assets

T is not generally realized that an acre of water can yield more food than an acre of land.

In reminding myself of this fact I am not just consoling myself because it has rained so heavily lately, nor am I suggesting that we should turn our ploughlands into paddy fields and cultivate rice instead of barley. I am thinking of our Now that the dolts have inspected them, and the dunderheads have decided that, in spite of the overcrowding on our roads, half of this invaluable canal system should be left derelict and not used for transport, could they not be put to some other purpose?

I know it is a prodigious waste of time to make practical suggestions in a country which is so bemused and befuddled by theory that it thinks it can increase its prosperity by squeezing its internal credit, but I don't see why I shouldn't indulge myself by imagining that at least ten miles out of our thousands of derelict waterways should be turned over to trout. Fish farming is not to be confused with fishing. It means stocking the water, cutting the reeds, feeding the fish, attending to breeding and destroying the pike and the heron.

There's no doubt we have an appetite for trout. Every Monday tons of live trout and kegs of slithering eels arrive at Billingsgate from-to help our balance of payments-Holland. If we have not the savvy to breed our own eels, we deserve to go down the drain with them.

Fish farms are not even a new idea in this country. England was once dotted with them. You don't imagine the monks were so impractical as to rely on fisherman's luck? For them, Friday was feast day, not fast day; for every monastery was self-supporting in trout, carp or roach. Certainly the monks lived on the fat of the land, but they did put the fat into the land. Whereas to-day, even if we put our canals down to beds of cress, I doubt whether anybody would have the energy to get up and cut them.

RONALD DUNCAN



#### BOOKING OFFICE Biedermeier Books

The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction.
Mario Praz. Cumberlege: Oxford University Press, 45/-

THIS book, by the brilliant Italian critic who wrote *The Romantic Agony*, shows a really astonishing grasp of English literature and English ways. It is a model volume of its kind in demonstrating how social changes in life and literature can be closely examined without the addition on the part of the author of a flood of wearisome moral judgments. Some of the excellent and painstaking American literary critics who from time to time produce works of this sort would do well to study the coolness of Mario Praz's approach.

The Hero in Eclipse might be described as a series of connected essays on Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and George Eliot; together with a glance at Coventry Patmore. The author's general theme is the move from the Byronic hero, typified by the Corsair, to the humdrum, bourgeois—or, as Mr. Praz would say, "Biedermeier"—figures characteristic of the Victorian novelists named above.

Mr. Praz's detail seems to me far more interesting than his main thesis, because, with the exception of Scott (who is himself, in his own particular way, as bourgeois as could be wished), only the second-rate "horrid" novelists, who preceded Dickens and Thackeray, gave much attention to the romantic, diabolical hero. Fielding, Smollett and Jane Austen were, it might be argued, even less romantic than their nineteenthecentury successors. It was the poets and essayists of the earlier period from whom the Victorian novelists reacted, rather than the novelists.

In the same way one cannot help feeling a little suspicious about the remarks made here regarding genre painting vis-à-vis the novel. Obviously sentimental, purely literary paintings, which fitted in well with the Victorian

view of life, were produced in great quantities. But most of this Victorian painting was only a feeble echo of the great genre painters of the Low Countries and France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; men who were occupied with technical problems of representation and decoration just as much as were, say, the Impressionists. The comparison is valid only provided it is not pushed too far.

Mr. Praz's special skill is in presenting the salient characteristics of each individual novelist with whom he deals;



Dickens's unsurpassed humour and poetry; Thackeray's extraordinary split personality, grumbling on the one hand that convention prevented him from depicting how people truly behaved, and at the same time himself suffering from an innate prudery. "The thrill of intuitive, electrical contact is lacking in Thackeray," says Mr. Praz: "his appeal is to the mind of his reader rather than to his emotional experience."

Trollope has enjoyed a considerable revival in our own time, after falling into the shadows after admitting, in his autobiography, that he wrote entirely for money. Mr. Praz points out passages

from the Trollope novels that oddly resemble descriptions from Proust; and makes a similar comparison between Proust and George Eliot. Proust is, of course, known to have read George Eliot with enjoyment, and some of the parallel passages given here are decidedly interesting. There is, at the moment, a strong push in academic circles to bring about a George Eliot revival. Mr. Praz, by no means a fanatical admirer, and especially critical of her taste for melodrama, quotes some of her humorous passages side by side with similar passages from Dickens. The George Eliot samples are amusing enough, but they seem to lack just that quality he mentions above as being absent in Thackeray, "the intuitive, electrical contact," which Dickens, at his best, so perfectly exemplifies.

In writing of dialogue in his novels Trollope observed that the novelist must not pursue reality too closely in reproducing the manner in which ordinary people speak. "If he be quite real he will seem to attempt to be funny." Is not this, at least, as important a key to the Victorians as their genre pictures? Their comfortable, bourgeois ideals were as much a form of romance as the picaresque adventures and gothic ruins of an earlier generation. The Victorians (sometimes ourselves too) could not bear to hear themselves reproduced as they really spoke.

Mr. Praz (who is excellently and smoothly translated by Mr. Angus Davidson), speaking of Wilkie Collins, describes the detective story as "that positive, bourgeois type of fairy-tale." There are many flashes of this kind. Readers should not be put off by the rather forbidding title of the book.

ANTHONY POWELL

#### **Unmagic Casement**

Roger Casement. René MacColl. Hamish Hamilton, 21/-

Mr. MacColl's "new judgment" turns Casement from a fearless Irish patriot into a kind of political Baron Corvoenergetic, intrigue-loving, unpractical, queer and quarrelsome. Irish Nationalism appears not to have suited Casement, for-to judge from this account-almost all his activities connected with it seem to have been rather futile. His activities among the Irish prisoners-of-war in Germany were ludicrously unproductive, and the landing in Ireland at Easter 1916 the sheerest farce. And only a man with a real talent for misunderstanding could have ended an Irish Nationalist meeting in Cork in 1913 as Casement did, by calling for three cheers for Carson.

On the other hand, his activities in the Congo and the Putumayo were admirable enough, and Mr. MacColl does not paint his subject wholly as a clown. His account, written though it is in the most horrible journalese, is continuously interesting and gives the impression of being tolerably fair. As regards the notorious diaries Mr. MacColl is in no doubt: they were genuine. But why there should still be any doubt when the Home Office could so easily remove it is a real enigma. B. A. Y.

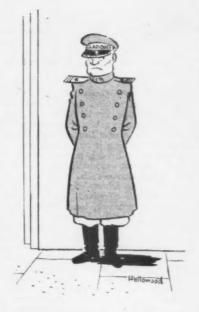
The Manikin. Ralph Ricketts. Faber, 15/-

When Eugene Merrall first enters the home of Lord Portsdown, a "cultured aristocrat," he thinks "If I owned a house like this I would never be unhappy again": an ambitious snob and social climber, he eventually becomes a fashion-able "face-painter," but achieves his greatest fame by being tried for the murder of his Roman Catholic wife, Anna, who first enters his life by falling downstairs and striking her head against an oaken chest, and leaves it in much the same manner (aided by a push from her husband). The story of their tortured relationship exerts a curious fascination on the reader, despite the unreality of the characters themselves and the old-fashioned ponderous manner in which Mr. Ricketts has chosen to recount the adventures of his horrible hero.

Though his talent occasionally becomes visible through the mass of accumulated detail, the picture of high life in particular has its absurdities: at times resembling The Young Visiters ("Veronica, don't be late to-night," says Lady Portsdown; "Remember you've three more balls this week.")

Waterfront. Budd Schulberg. The Bodley Head, 15/-

Here is yet another gangster novel, but this one is written by a writer. Mr. Schulberg was the author of that considerable achievement The Disenchanted. Although the whole story takes place in the dock area of New York and the time is only two years ago, this story of a trade union in the post-New-Deal world is reminiscent of the liquor traffic during prohibition. But, to paraphrase Damon Runyon, "gangsters is gangsters." Father Peter Barry, in whose first



parish this story of how gangsters who have hijacked their union and exploit and corrupt working people takes place, is the real hero of the book. This American priest models himself on St. Francis Xavier, whose own parish at one period was the docks on the Goan waterfront. For whole pages he suggests an unexpected and exciting resemblance to another poor priest in a very different kind of novel, that country priest in the "Diary" of Georges Bernanos. The Catholic parts of the story are more convincing than what we have become accustomed to in the work of our own literary converts.



#### AT THE OPERA

The Marriage of Figaro (SADLER'S WELLS)

THIS is a new and titivated production. What to do with the Countess during the orchestral prelude to Porgi amor at the opening of Act Two has always been a worry. In Producer Douglas Seale's and Designer MALCOLM PRIDE's version she is discovered on a studio throne in the middle of her boudoir, with a romantic, monkish portrait-painter at work alongside. Realizing that Porgi is imminent, the painter puts his brushes away and bows himself out in the nick of time. Perhaps he has strong views on how Mozart should be sung. Figaro singing at the Wells is jovial, pretty, sometimes too soft and sometimes over-loud for the ensembles, and not noticeably Mozartian in either timbre or phrasing.

For Act Three Mr. PRIDE has built a perspective set in less than thirty feet that looks all of a hundred yards from back With the Count upstage to front.

fulminating against Figaro in D major and nobody else in sight, the optical illusion is so stunning that parties should be brought up from the country to see it on cut-price railway tickets. It is only when crowds start pouring in through the centre-back doors that things go surrealist. Among the converging parallels and bits of dwarf furniture downstage, everybody looks Brobding-nagian. The titivations hereabouts are piled on thickly. Don Basilio and Don Curzio come tripping on with flapping hands as though tight. Rustics and retainers in the wedding procession carry hayrakes, poppied cornsheaves and household mops in pink and yellow. With all these implements, symbols and utensils about, there is no room left for a social fandango; we are fobbed off with a pas-de-deux.

Mr. SEALE is resident producer with the Birmingham Rep. and, it seems, a Shakespeare specialist. surprised to hear that this is his first attempt at opera. CHARLES REID

#### AT THE PLAY



The Chalk Garden (THEATRE ROYAL) The Crucible (ROYAL COURT) Hamlet (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)

THE Chalk Garden is a charming assembly of improbables, so skilfully put together that for the time being they seem to make amusing sense. No sea-lion, with however dextrous a nose, could have balanced this iridescent bubble more neatly than ENID BAGNOLD has done; taken out into the light of day her story is slight and artificial, but in the theatre it holds us by its wit and the delicacy of its writing. It draws freely on eccentricity, and yet remains a comedy of feeling. Everything here is to its advantage, a perfectly calculated production by JOHN GIELGUD, a hand-picked cast, telling decoration, but the most critical subtraction on these accounts still leaves a handsome balance in Miss Bagnold's favour.

Afterwards, dodging death in the Haymarket, one may ask why the sensible mother of the exhibitionist girl had not, years earlier, dragged her daughter from the possessive clutch of so unpredictable a grandmother. For old Mrs. St. Maugham, played with the frilliest abandon by EDITH EVANS, is building a monument in her lifetime by shaping her grand-daughter to her own uninhibited personality. Once a great hostess, she has been steered through the world by a supreme butler, now bed-ridden and tyrannously ruling her crazy household by telephone and her garden through a telescope, his place beyond the green baize door taken by an ex-gaolbird who has been the child's nannie and father confessor.

None too soon, Mrs. St. Maugham engages a governess, a twitching, icy, piehatted creature stated in the programme to be Peggy Ashcroft (disguised almost as ruthlessly as Margaret Leighton in the second part of Separate Tables). Unfreezing gradually into Miss ASHCROFT she firmly seizes control of everything. As passionate a gardener as her incompetent mistress, she carries in her head an encyclopædic knowledge of soils and fertilizers. We notice, and so does her observant charge, that she blenches only at the mention of murder, and we discover why when there comes to lunch the judge who, fifteen years earlier, had sentenced her to death. But prison has made of her a resolute woman, and just as she has reprieved the rhododendrons from their hopeless future in the chalk garden, so in the last act it is she who cuts through all the sham and selfishness of Mrs. St. Maugham to pull up the child by her roots and send her away with her mother.

Miss Evans, who has some very good things to say and says them wonderfully, is there to entertain us, and at the end to touch us. Miss Ashcroft's task is to rivet us with the strange blossoming of an odd and original character, in which she succeeds completely. Felix Aylmer's judge may not be typical, but he can turn a mellow line with the utmost persuasion. Shying as we do at the unsmacked brats of modern drama, we gladly concede a small triumph to Judith Stott for making the problem

sixteen-year-old not only credible but likeable. Shrewd casting has given RACHEL GURNEY the girl's mother, and GEORGE ROSE the privileged handyman. Admittedly he drifts into farce, which is a little unhinging, but it is present in the writing.

London managements have not added to their reputation by ignoring The Crucible, a fine play by ARTHUR MILLER, surely America's best playwright; full marks to the new English Stage Company for putting it on, and so well. I missed it at Bristol, but caught up in Paris, where it was intelligently produced on an expensive scale. At the Royal Court, on an acknowledged shoe-string, it is no less effective. Using a tilted wooden framework, hung on wires, to suggest the kind of room we are in, Motley needs only a minimum of peasant furniture to establish illusion. In America the play's theme, a witchhunt in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, got a double edge from the McCarthy inquisition, but even without a local tie-up contemporary interest remains in this examination of human behaviour under the extreme pressure of fanaticism. I still think the change of heart of the young clergyman goes for too little, but the play is strong and moving and rather terrifying, and as produced by GEORGE DEVINE it should complicate the traffic in Sloane Square. He himself gives a capital performance as the judge, and in a company now finding its feet Michael Gwynn, Mary Ure, Rosalie Crutchley and Joan Plowright vividly fill in the shifting pattern of courage, hysteria and the bitter evil of puritanism.

An ill-judged Hamlet, of rep. standard but no more, starts the season poorly at Stratford. MICHAEL LANGHAM has chosen to work in light, on a blackbacked stage entirely bare except for a curtain just big enough to hide Polonius. There is nothing wrong with this, but it lays a responsibility on acting and costumes to which neither stand up. The Hamlet, by his trousers a skier, is curiously old-fashioned in his staginess and vehemence. ALAN BADEL, a young actor noted for intelligence, is guilty here of plain over-acting; all the intellectual aloofness of Hamlet is thrown away in emotional excesses which culminate in the Prince dying on his feet, with every gesture of melodrama. If we except MARK DIGNAM's reasonable ghost and GEORGE Howe's conventional polished Polonius, he gets little help from the others. DILYS HAMLETT's Ophelia suggests a coy debutante whose dressmaker has sent her the wrong frock; DIANA CHURCHILL, so good in comedy, is a lightweight Gertrude, so that the bedroom scene seems more Coward than Shakespeare. Most perplexing of all, no sooner has the dumb-show begun than the King guesses what is coming, and leans forward furiously, Hamlet glares at him like a wild beast. Which makes nonsense of the rest of the scene.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews) The Waltz of the Toreadors (Criterion—14/3/56), a good Anouilh, superbly acted. The Rivals (Saville—7/3/56), a rich production. Fresh Airs (Comedy—8/2/56), a tonic revue. ERIC KEOWN

## IN THE PRESS Call Me Ray

ROYALIST though our papers are, they owe no allegiance to Prince Rainier. From the moment he deprived them of Press conferences in the Throne Room they were determined to put him in his place.

The Heavy Mob from the Daily Sketch, which has not seen action since Princess Margaret's tour of the West Indies, saw off the police and reported the fighting on the front page. "But so many newspapermen were yelling with anger at the callous treatment given to them," their correspondent wrote, "that the police decided not to fight a pitched battle. They could see that they would have lost. When I was struck by a gendarme I gave as good as I got."



Mrs. St. Maugham-EDITH EVANS

Miss Madrigal—Peggy Ashcroft

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Checking on the wedding guests, the Daily Express discovered that "Swagger Cane René—jewel thief, bank robber and hold-upking"—was in Princess Charlotte's entourage. The same day it was reported that the man in charge of fireworks had worked for Hitler. General exception was taken to Prince Rainier's scowl after a photographer had thrown himself in front of the Prince's car. Lady Docker of the Sunday Graphic cabled that Rainier's yacht was less than half the size of the Shemara, just before she threatened to withdraw to Cannes.

Called in by Prince Rainier to advise on public relations, a Daily Mail reporter quoted him like this: "I've said it before, I say it again. I'm not going to the wedding with a shotgun in my back." Even the Sunday Times was catty about the wedding guests, and their representative added: "Mr. Otto Witte, proprietor of a riding school in Monaco, bitterly complains at being omitted from the list. Mr. Witte, aged eighty-five and a former sword swallower, was King of Albania for five days after a lightning putsch."

By the wedding day the tumbrils were really rolling. The Daily Express broke the news that influential men of Monaco were planning a new and more democratic constitution. In an open letter to the Princess Grace, the Star asked her if she had noticed that Rainier blotted the register. The Daily Herald said that the Prince attended the civil ceremony in "a morning suit of diabolical cut. The jacket was wrinkled, the collar crept up to his ears, the sleeves were too long and one of the cuffs (the left one) was frayed."

Rainier had been warned. A foreign born prince whose father-in-law calls him "Ray" must not behave as if he were Commander Colville.

MARSHALL PUGH



#### AT THE PICTURES

On the Threshold of Space Hell on Frisco Bay

THIS was one of those weeks. Of the three films press-shown, the only one I would care to recommend is Mervyn LeRoy's nineteen-year-old They Won't Forget, which is in books about good cinema anyway, and will no longer be available at the National Film Theatre when this article appears. The two new ones have, to be sure, their good points, and both hit a high enough figure on my critical thermometer to keep me watching them until the end; but . . .

Let's begin with On the Threshold of Space (Director: ROBERT D. WEBB), because it's arguable—at least, the film tiself argues—that the motives behind it have a certain worthiness. One gathers that it is essentially fact, with no more than a perfunctory coating of fiction. It is introduced by such remarks as this from the Surgeon-General of the U.S. Air Force: "In our quest for peace,



[Hell on Frisco Bay

Victor Amato-EDWARD G. ROBINSON

aviation medicine is helping to raise the frontiers higher and higher." In fact "aviation medicine" is the theme, which means of course that the hero of any fiction about it has to be a young doctor, and one who acts as II guinea-pig himself; the heroine being a young woman who has very little to do but wait anxiously with her eyes cast upwards. No villain—this is not a spy story—and so such dramatic conflict as there is has to come by way of a senior officer who is too cautious and insistent on safety measures for the hero's liking.

One can remain unmoved by the story" and still find the piece interesting. There is tension and suspense, of a sort, as we watch a series of tests: first straightforward parachute jumps from great heights, then rocket-sled runs on the ground (at supersonic speeds) to duplicate the effect on the human frame and interior—of similar speeds in the air, and the climactic episode in which the doctor drops in a sphere that has been taken by a balloon to a height of more than one hundred thousand feet. Interesting, yes, and often visually impressive; but not all the efforts of the stars (Guy Madison, Virginia Leith, John HODIAK, DEAN JAGGER) can make it striking as a story about human characters.

The other new one, Hell on Frisco Bay (Director: FRANK TUTTLE), presents ALAN LADD as what the synopsis flatly calls an "embittered ex-policeman"; the theme here is that favourite and usually effective one of the man who has been "framed" and sets out to prove his innocence by unmasking the people really guilty of the crime for which he suffered.

It is undeniable that here this character

does enough to qualify as something of a superman, but as heroes of violent melodrama go, he is (I'd say) not exaggeratedly heroic—until the end, of which more in a moment. The film is really "made" by Edward G. Robinson (who has in that sense made so many other films) as the master-mind gangster boss of the San Francisco waterfront. The pattern of incident is not unfamiliar, but Mr. Robinson helps to freshen it a good deal; and the violence is made easier not to take seriously by the cheerful cynicism of the character he plays.

At the end the whole thing becomes quite impossible to take seriously. We have grown used to the fact (so often examplified in this sort of story) that the hero and his friends have a much better aim with a gun than the forces of evil, but the climax might almost have been designed to show the well-known tenfold strengthening influence of a pure heart. The embittered ex-policeman leaps into San Francisco Bay in pursuit of the villain's speedboat, and climbs briskly into it to fight him, just like that. I admit I hadn't the patience to stay for the last few moments then.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)
In London there is a first-rate new murder-and-suspense piece (not a whodunit, a will-he-get-away-with-it) called A Kiss Before Dying, of which more next week. My general recommendations are still the French Race for Life (11/4/56) and DISNEY's The African Lion (11/4/56).

Of the seven new releases, not one was reviewed here—for that matter, only two, I think, were press-shown. Tribute to a Bad Man is a good Western.

RICHARD MALLETT

#### AT THE THEATRE IN PARIS

Le Séducteur (Théâtre de la Michodière)—Le Mal Court (Théâtre la Bruyfère)—Les Oiseaux de Lune (Théâtre de L'Atelier)—La Famille Arlequin (Théâtre Antoine)—Cyrano de Bergerac (Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt)—Les Bas-Fonds (L'Œuvre)—Le Chien du Jardinier and Les Suites d'un: Course (Théâtre Marigny)

An enterprising Paris clinic is offering tired business-men the tonic benefite of an Alpine fortnight, by soaking them judiciously in oxygen. If a service of resuscitation could be added for stifled playgoers I would gladly take up a life membership. In the absence of any attempt at ventilation the average Paris auditorium soon leaves the tropical house at Kew far behind. This prolonged Turkish bath causes no distress whatever to the French, many of whom sit it out coolly in heavy fur coats, but to the dabbing and panting Englishman it does cloud a trifle the otherwise rich pleasures of the Paris theatre.

French critics still point sadly to the number of imports in the current list. As in London, foreign plays absorb about a third of the total. The British wedge consists of Shaw, Wilde, Maugham, Emlyn Williams and Ustinov; the latter's four colonels are unlikely to go on leave for some time. Of the plays I wrote about last November the Anouilh, the Roussin and the revival of Salacrou's Histoire de Rire are all in robust health.

The most interesting new play we saw in the autumn was Procès de Famille, a tragedy by the Italian, DIEGO FABBRI, and this time his comedy, Le Séducteur, impressed me by the freshness of its approach to the most ancient of all themes. It is very prettily quadrangular. The hero, a winning innocent in horn spectacles, happens to be constitutionally trigamous. About to embark on a long

journey, he decides he must share its different stages with the three women he adores with equal ardour and constancy —his wife, his mistress and his secretary. Being only a simple-minded Don Juan



[Le Mal Court
Alarica, Princesse de Courtelande—
SUZANNE FLON

he is incapable of organizing the appalling complexities of so daring a plan, and so he brings his loved ones together at a country café, himself disguised as a waiter. Of course he is discovered, and after making an eloquent plea for charity is horrified to find that his trio has ganged up on him, irrevocably. angry, but wounded to the quick, he goes off to start life afresh. François Périer plays him with an engaging eagerness that can afford to be sincere, even touching; as producer he has been criticized for straying from the tradition of Italian farce, but personally I was content. The three women, EMMANUÈLE RIVA, PAULE EMANUÈLE and LUISA COLPEYN, are in excellent contrast, and the lightness and wit of the whole evening are reflected in the sets of FÉLIX LABISSE.

Our chief disappointment was Le Mal Court, by Jacques Audibert, which has been greatly praised both on its own account and on that of Suzanne Flon, whose Joan of Arc in L'Alouette was magnificent. I found it a wearying little

romp, consisting mostly of shouting and intriguing in the very small compass of a fancy bedroom. A princess travelling to her marriage with a king spends a night with a romantic lackey sent to compromise her, and in some inexplicable way this ill-timed adventure is supposed to have changed her life and outlook, apparently for the better. Dignitaries of Church and State clump in and out, a comic marshal is followed by a similarly comic father, and Mlle. FLON executes a gamine dance and periodically explodes; but it is much ado about very little, and the eye has a dull time, too. The set may have been fun on the first night, but now even its one door is covered with thumb-

A lesser disappointment was Les Oiseaux de Lune, Marcel Aymé's comedy about a young schoolmaster who discovers he has the enviable power of turning people into birds, and starts, being a traditionalist, with his mother-in-law. It is an appealing idea, tactfully carried out. He simply disappears with his victim, and comes back with a tenanted cage. Her daughters and husband continue to call her Maman and to treat her as a member of the family; when she flutters off into the garden Maman has really gone, and her husband



[Le Séductew Gabriel Simon—François Périer



[Les Suites d'une Course JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT



[Les Bas-Fonds Louka-Pierre Palau

mourns over her empty perch. Anyone who crosses the magician is immediately feathered, and the final scene of restitution is like a farcical resurrection. Ingenious fantasy, admittedly, worked out with resource, but one joke cannot keep its point for three acts, and in spite of a wonderfully artless performance by JACQUES DUBY it breaks down.

Much funnier, and probably the most original thing in Paris, is CLAUDE SANTELLI'S La Famille Arlequin, a very loose history of the Commedia dell'Arte, in which Mr. Punch earns a scene to himself. This piece of inspired lunacy is produced and led by JACQUES FABBRI, whose young company is winning honours right and left. Well-covered, amiable and bursting with energy and ideas, he is a satirist of the school of Ustinov and a man of many voices and infinite tricks. All the old characters of the Harlequinade are ragged with merciless affection, with a keen sense of burlesque and bathos; in some of the dazzling little mime effects it is easy to trace a family tree for Chaplin and Harpo Marx. The second half is not quite so good as the first, but M. FABBRI has infected his whole company with his own tearing high spirits, and one becomes oneself infected.

No visitor to Paris should miss RAYMOND ROULEAU's production of Cyrano de Bergerac, which makes us thankful that three hundred years ago plastic surgery had not reached the Dordogne. It is loving and, in its way, superb. However near to Marie Corelli Rostand drifts in the end, M. ROULEAU proves that for all its sentimental absurdity the play is still rather splendid. He has Tyrone Guthrie's gift for animating a stage crammed with people, and the opening scene of the Hotel de Bourgogne is one of the most exciting examples of this superior order of traffic control I can remember; LILA DE Nobill's lovely set seems to stretch for miles, and in every corner of it something is happening. Unfortunately PIERRE DUX was ill, but I could find no fault with BERNARD NOEL'S Cyrano, a comic figure with the personality to hold a great stage, and a panache that dissolves into a simplicity of pathos. One must be made immediately fond of Cyrano; M. NOEL saw to that, so that even the most desiccated Brechtian might leap to help this romantic hero in one of his tremendous fights. From the moment when Roxane arrives by cab in the middle of the battle one begins to suffer the occasional internal giggle, but FRANÇOISE CHRISTOPHE brings her own magic to this notable slice of the theatre theatrical and unashamed.

In the middle of Gorki's Les Bas-Fonds an old lady was heard to remark with some bitterness "Encore une pièce gaie!" Sombre it certainly is, though it has its own terrible and mordant humour; it deals with the utter misery of those who can sink no lower, whose bodies have survived the corrosion of their will to live. Had it been merely a play of



(Les Oiseaux de Lun Valentin-JACQUES DUBY

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Le Chef de troupe—JACQUES FABBRI

absolute despair it would still have been powerful, but not moving; as it is there is a thread of hope running through it, not for any change in the fortunes of the down-and-outs bickering, boozing and dying in their filthy cellar, but for mankind in general, able to produce in a human cesspool a man of such shining goodness as the shambling little tramp whose kindness is without motive. PIERRE PALAU plays him very sympathetically, with a quiet reserve of wisdom, and Sacha Pitoeff, using his father's notes, has drilled a fine company into an impressive performance of what at times suggests Chekov in a dosshouse.

The Marigny, Magnet No. 1 for the eager playgoer in Paris, I have left to the last only because its brief season will have ended before this article appears. By the unsuspecting Le Chien du Jardinier, a LOPE DE VEGA adapted by GEORGES NEVEUX, might be mistaken for Marivaux. In a glistening and delicate production (marvellously decorated by JEAN-DENIS MALCÈLS) MADELEINE RENAUD, exquisite and consummately dressed, toys with the love of her young secretary, JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT. It makes a slight but altogether charming play, in which comedy, farce and lyric passion are dexterously blended. In the little piece that followed, Les Suites d'une Course, by Jules Supervielle, Barrault sprouts a tail to become a prancing racehorse. But good as is all his mime, it was clear that he enjoyed it more than I did.

ERIC KEOWN

#### ON THE AIR

At Home and Abroad

CMALL fortunes are being made these days out of exploration and life in the The new Elizabethans roam the jungles and seas in search of TV treasure: they film it, add a few hairbreadth escapes, a cosy commentary and a spot of studio glamour, and their agents do the rest.

The explorers come usually There is a leader in pairs. armed with a foreign accent, a rugged countenance and a doctorate, and there is an attractive first-mate loaded with oomph and goo-goo eyes. Hillary and Tensing are alsowhen they have to compete with such teams as Armand and Michaela Denis and Hans and Lotte Hass. exploration in grease paint.

Does it matter that in "Diving to Adventure" Hans and his wife try to pull the sea-weed over our eyes? When Hans gets stuck among the rocks of the ocean bed are we to to applaud the cameraman's single-minded pursuit of excitement? Does it matter that the narrative is obviously faked and the dialogue prearranged? I think it does. I believe that the cheap, synthetic excitement of these nature study films ruins the programmes themselves and-much more seriousqueers the pitch of those earnest and honest naturalists who appear in items like "Look" and "Zoo Quest."

This is

Any day now I expect to hear that some husband and wife team have beaten the experts to the South Pole, and that the tale of their harrowing but glamorous exploits will shortly be televised.

It is not generally realized, I think, how much sound radio suffers from the mental imagery invoked by television.



[Diving to Adventure

HANS and LOTTE HASS

A few years ago I could turn from TV to sound radio with relief, from the vulgarities of actuality in miniature to the kinder, more selective thought patterns of my own beautiful mind. In those days I endowed most sound broadcasters with pleasing visual qualities. They were free from nauseating mannerisms, they seldom ogled or simpered and they were all personable, good clean wholesome characters. I enjoyed Wilfred Pickles hugely-as a voice. I liked X and Y and Z. But now all, all are gone, the old familiar faces of my dream world. Too much television has processed the retina of my imagination so that it can receive only routine pictures borrowed from the little screen. Sound radio panelists all

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behave for me like that "What's My Line?" brigade. Sound radio comics all seem as vacuous and futile as the television variety. Sound radio talkers and commentators are as dull as those who glare at me from "In the News" and "Press Conference." And there is, alas! nothing that I can do about it.

There is however one programme in sound only for which I retain the warmest admiration. Week after week "At Home and Abroad" confronts me with new characters, new voices, new opinions, and so far television has left me free to enjoy the programme in my own way. This half-hour of current affairs is the most useful of middlebrow items now on the air. It is frank, provocative and of course highly topical, and is put (by Stephen Bonarjee and

together others) with great skill. Television should of course have its own edition of "At Home and Abroad"; but I hesitate to recommend such a move. Listeners are already heavily handicapped

by being viewers.

It is amazing that sound radio has taken so long to discover the virtues of sound in its quiz games. TV deals primarily in pictures and puts up archæological knick-knacks and paintings to be identified by its gamesters. Now the Home Service has tricked out a genuine musical quiz, "Call the Tune," which could help to restore the fortunes of the tottering institution. The programme is as yet no more than promising. It needs discipline. It should drop that "Not too serious" disclaimer. It should employ a panel of honest triers, and it should not be afraid to interest listeners whose musical knowledge stops at "pops" and swing. It could be a winner. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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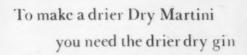
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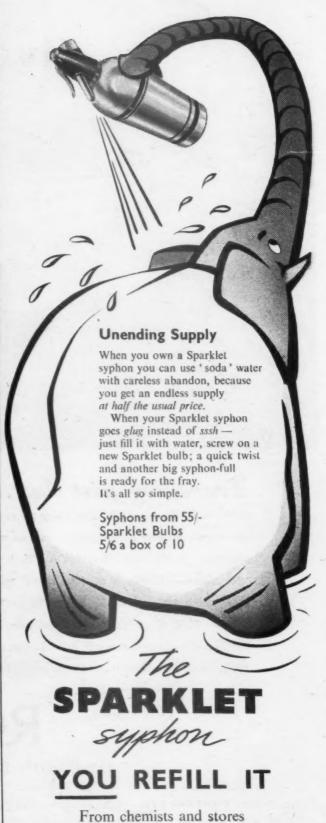
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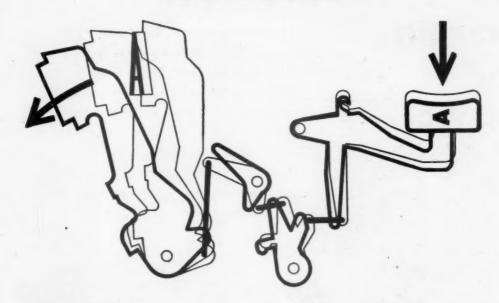
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An enlargement of a Rubens sketch (perhaps from a medal) in the British Museum.

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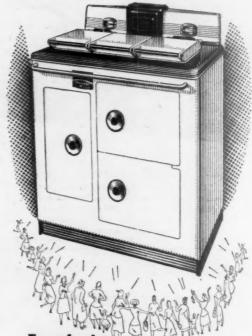


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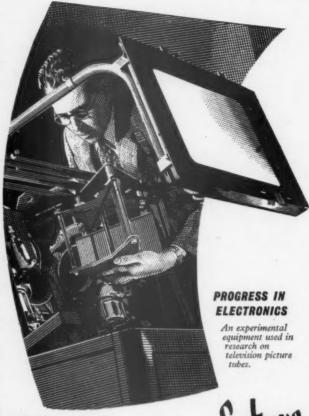
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# Brush up your Shakespeare -3



1 Who, and to whom, said 'Here's Flowers for you'—
(a) Hamlet to Yorick in a

graveyard?

(b) Perdita to Polixenes in The Winter's Tale?

(c) The landlord to Ophelia in the local?



2 What part did Fabian play

in Twelfth Night-

(a) a servant to Olivia?(b) a left-wing intellectual?

(c) a retired detective?

3 Who or what was Bardolph—
(a) An Elizabethan lounge-lizard?

(b) A secret weapon?

(c) A man who never pays for his round?

4 Which of the following makes good sense on a cold day—

(a) Much ado about a Dogberry?

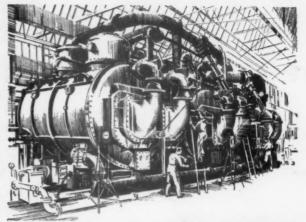
(b) To be or not to be a Rosenkrantz?

(c) Much enjoyment in a Sable Stout by Flowers?

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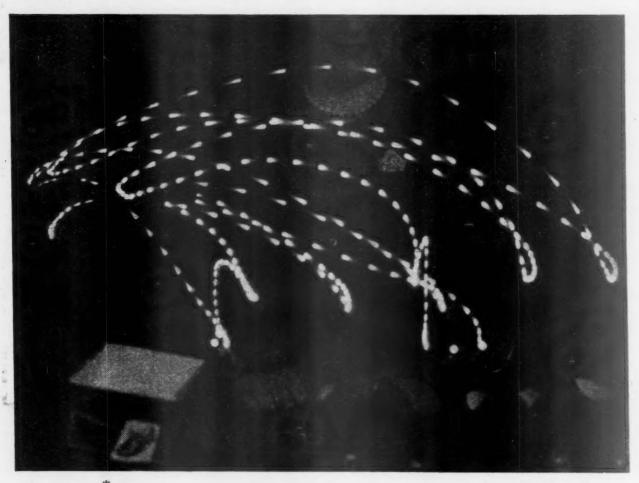
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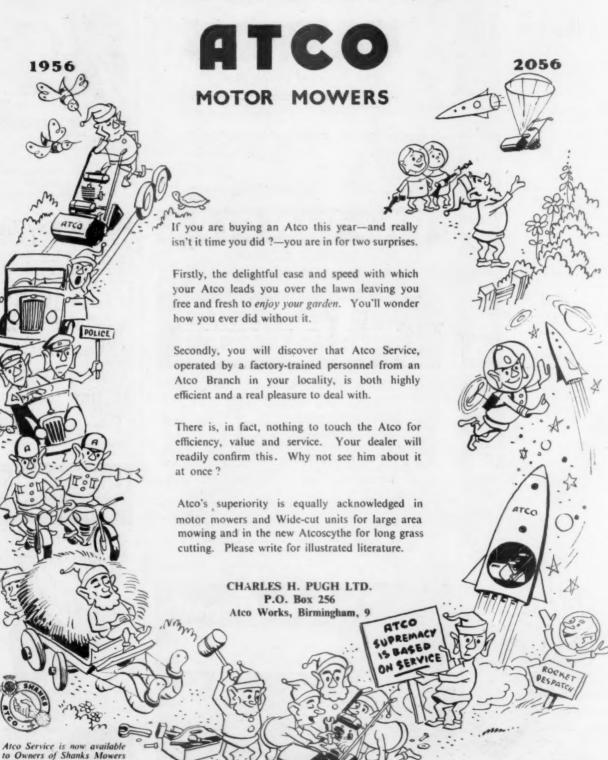
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March 1st The ministerial meeting of the council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation ended in Paris yesterday with agreement to appoint a special committee to deal with matters relating to nuclear energy. Britain's first privately owned research reactor is being constructed by the A.E.I. John Thompson Nuclear Energy Company at the A.E.I. Research Establishment.

# every day



March 2nd The Shackleton base is established at Vahsel Bay by the advance party of the British Transantarctic Expedition.

Amongst the explorers' stores are Ediswan switches and the Mazda lamps which will light their living quarters and laboratories.

# every way



March 3rd The House of the Future, which is built of plastic, is one of the most interesting features of the 'Daily Mail' Ideal Home Exhibition. The kitchen in this house without doors is planned by Hotpoint, who also devised and produced most of the electrical appliances.



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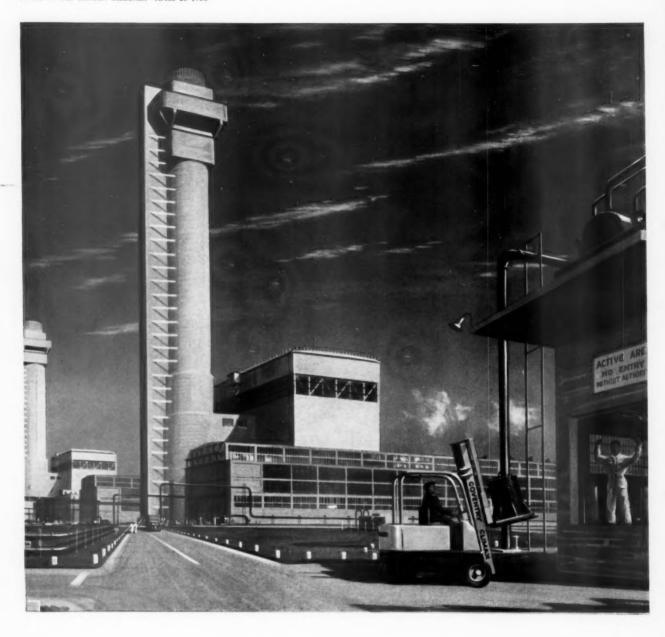
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